

The Sketch

No. 850.—Vol. LXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



A COMEDIAN KING: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS KING KHAYYAM, AND MESSRS. LIONEL BRAHAM AND WILLIE HARTILL AS MPOANI AND MPOGO, HIS ATTENDANTS, IN "A PERSIAN PRINCESS," AT THE QUEEN'S.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

Keep Your Head.

I expected it "Rome, Thursday.—This morning Lieutenant Calderara, one of the pupils trained by Mr. Wilbur Wright, was experimenting with a Wright aeroplane when the machine fell to the ground from a height of about sixty-six feet and was smashed. . . . An examination by doctors from the military hospital at Celio showed a dislocation of the left shoulder, some contusions on the right leg and hip, and a slight wound on the right eyebrow." I am very sorry, of course, for the battered Lieutenant, but I am sincerely glad that another serious check has been given to all this nonsense about the solution of the problem of flight. When Mr. Wilbur Wright left for London, to take lunch with "the nine men who have flown," we were assured that his pupils could handle the aeroplane quite nicely, and that the cleverest of them all was Lieutenant Calderara. No sooner is the master's back turned, however, than down comes poor Calderara with a wump. Mr. Wilbur Wright's dexterity has given rise to every kind of scare. As a matter of fact, it proves nothing more than this: Mr. Wilbur Wright can do something that the rest of us cannot do. Because Blondin could skip about on a single rope, was that an argument for the abolition of foot-bridges? Any fool can ride a bicycle or drive a motor-car, but the aeroplane will always remain a trick-machine.

The Unhinged "Vestry Mind."

"A hostile air-ship," says a leader in one of my daily papers, "hovering over London would be unassailable, and could inflict enormous damage, had we no British *Dreadnought* of the air to send against it. It is then a real mark of progress that the Government is 'thinking aerially,' and that the nation has awakened from its slumber to a realisation of the new perils and requirements of twentieth-century war." A real mark of progress! Already we must be the laughing-stock of poorer countries. The spectacle of England and Germany building battle-ship after battle-ship as fast as possible, and taxing the unfortunate inhabitants in order to pay for the silly things, is sufficiently ludicrous; add to that childish folly the construction of "British *Dreadnoughts* of the air"—grandiloquent little chatterboxes!—and you have a burlesque that everybody will be able to scream at but the players. The only "real mark of progress" possible for this or any other country is to drum, drill, batter, or pound a sense of humour into the people who arrogate to themselves the management of affairs; this accomplished, the absurdity of war, whether by land, by sea, or by air, will be apparent, and our tobacco, and our beer, and our petrol will cost us less. The worst of it is that the "vestry mind" has always been proof against humour.

Baby Babblers and the Lethal Chamber.

Have you never observed this for yourself? Put a man on a Local Government Board, or a Club Committee, or a Parish Council, or in the House of Commons—you will find the same type of face in any such assembly—and he at once loses perspective. (The exceptions are so rare that we cannot afford to consider them.) He seems to be saying to himself: "Quietly, dear boy. Check the smile." The chin a little higher, if you please. Contract the eyebrows. Remember that you are no longer one of these. Set a watch upon your tongue. Great and grave secrets are in your keeping. If they are not, make haste to convince yourself that they are. Hear all, converse with all, but tell nothing. Withhold your opinion. Whatever else you may be, be 'official.' If you don't know what that means, copy your fellow-officials. They, in all probability, do not know what it means; but the outsider expects it, and reverences it, and, if you are lucky, pays for it." It will be immensely difficult, of course, to beat a sense of humour into men of this sort. The simplest method, perhaps, would be to pick out all the babies

with the official face and pop them into the lethal chamber. Their mothers, I fear, would weep for them: the mother has always an especial tenderness for the weak-minded child. But we should presently breed mothers of a sterner, braver type.

The Art of Denunciation.

Dr. C. F. Aked is scarcely so agile in the business of denunciation as our own dear Father Vaughan. If you want your denunciation to be effective, you must always remember the ten good persons. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah would never have interested us had it not been for the escape of Lot and his inquisitive wife. They lent to the story that human note without which no story can live. Let me show Dr. Aked where he goes wrong, always supposing that he has been correctly reported: "Fashionable New York," he says, "is nothing more nor less than an arid desert, totally void of mentality and morality." Very well, then. That disposes of the whole question. We set aside fashionable New York, having no further use for it. On the other hand, had Dr. Aked added but one word, he would have raised a tornado of discussion. Had he but said, "Fashionable New York is *becoming* nothing more nor less than an arid desert, totally void of mentality and morality," all the good people would have been wondering what they could do to save fashionable New York, and all the bad ones would have been wondering whether they could get there in time to join in the happy holocaust. For a similar reason, I am implying that there is hope for Dr. Aked as a denunciator. I want you to be interested, friend the reader, in my little Note.

The Nervous Policeman.

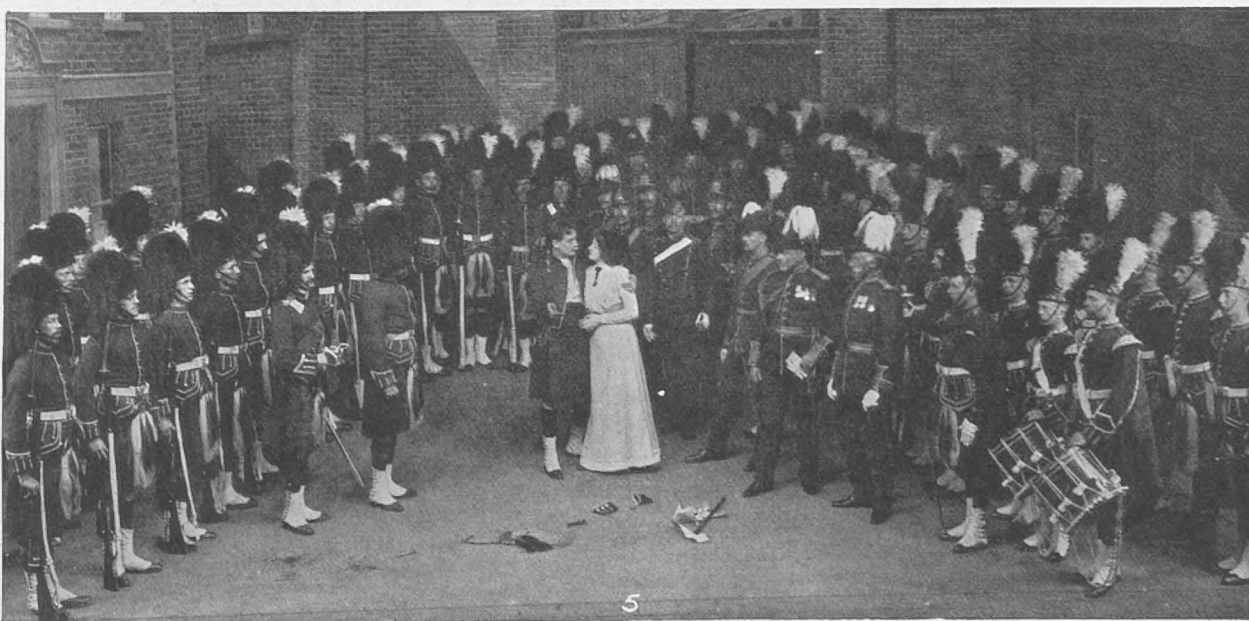
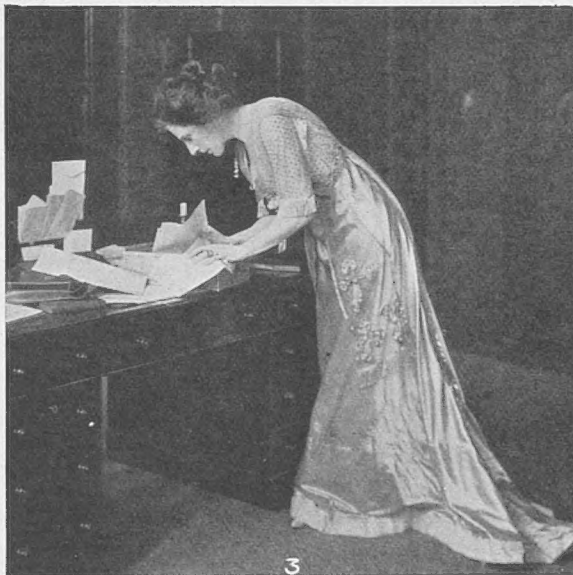
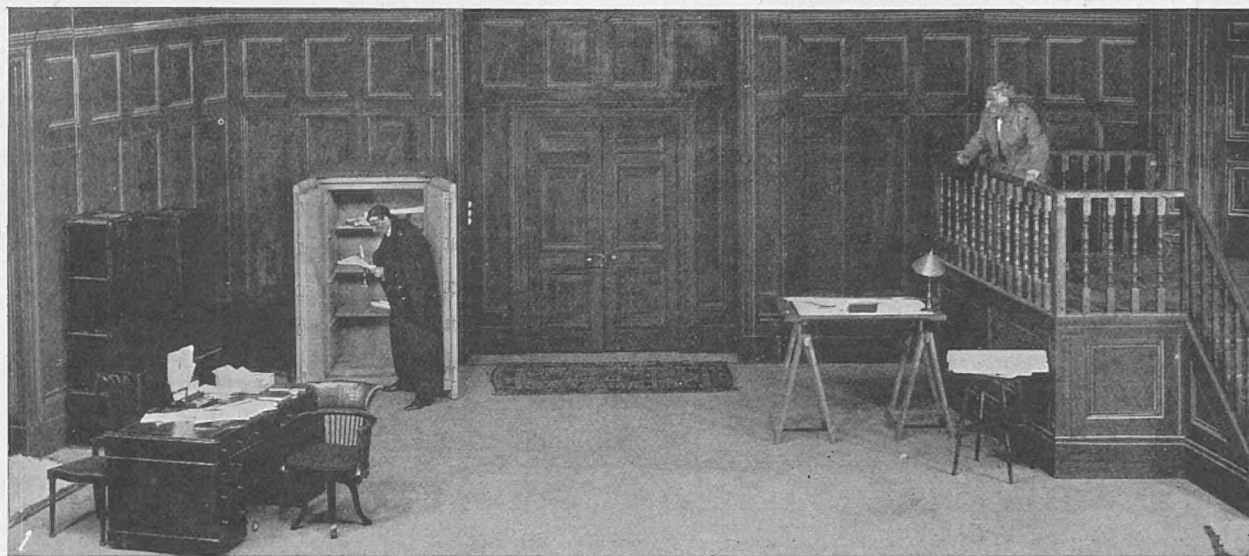
I understand that the Committee on the Police Weekly Holiday Bill has reported that the strain on the London police is too severe, that relief without delay is essential. "It is acknowledged," says the report, "that a certain number of years spent under such conditions exhaust the vital energy, both physical and mental, of its members." The warning has come none too soon. Every observant Londoner must have noticed the haggard appearance of the police. Thin, pale, nervous, twitchy little fellows, one's heart bleeds for them as they dash to and fro amidst the traffic, the sweat pouring from their foreheads, their eyes starting from their heads in the mad excitement of duty. Gone is the lolling, lovely fellow of the leisurely manner, the smiling face, the swelling waistband. Gone is that genial, pie-munching philosopher, once the joy of cooks and burglars alike. Your modern London policeman has no time for steak and midnight sophistries. The shaded area knows his bulky form no more; alas! there is no bulky form to know. One wonders, anxiously enough, whether the Committee on the Police Weekly Holiday Bill will be in time to restore to us our dear old policeman, famed in story, song, and "The Area Belle." Stick to it, gentlemen! If only for the sake of the comic artists and the pantomime comedians, stick to your noble task.

The Little Dorandos of Soho.

In athletic circles, Marathon races are still, I believe, a topic of interest. If you really want to see the Marathon champions of the future at practice, though, you must walk through Soho after nightfall. They are young, perhaps, these runners, but every one of them has the heart of a Dorando. Their track is of asphalt, they time each other by the public clock, their little feet are bare, their movements, maybe, are not strictly scientific, but every lad of them dreams of receiving a silver cup from the Queen, and setting up in business as a pastrycook, a publican, or a pawnbroker. If you have an eye for the picturesque in life, you should not miss the Marathon runners of Soho.

THE ALDWYCH IN THE MANTLE OF THE ADELPHI.

THE REVIVAL OF "ONE OF THE BEST."



1. PHILIP ELLSWORTH (MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY), TAKING SECRET PAPERS FROM THE SAFE IN THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT PORTSMOUTH, IS SEEN BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL COVENTRY (MR. ALFRED BRYDONE), WHO BELIEVES HIM TO BE DUDLEY KEPPELL.
2. MR. HENRY AINLEY AS DUDLEY KEPPELL, THE CHARACTER CREATED BY WILLIAM TERRISS.
3. MISS NANCY PRICE AS ESTHER COVENTRY.
4. MR. HARRY NICHOLLS AS PRIVATE JUPP, THE CHARACTER HE PLAYED IN THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION.
5. THE DEGRADATION SCENE; DUDLEY KEPPELL DEFIES THOSE WHO ARE DRUMMING HIM OUT TO TAKE HIS VICTORIA CROSS—MR. HENRY AINLEY AS DUDLEY KEPPELL; MISS BEATRICE TERRY AS MARY PENROSE.

It is the intention of the management to revive at the Aldwych a number of those melodramas that proved so popular at the Adelphi in the days of William Terriss's reign as hero there, as well as to produce other plays. A promising start has been made with "One of the Best."

ROUND THE WORLD IN A MILLION WAYS:
AN ATTEMPT TO WIN A REMARKABLE BET.



MAX DUFFEK BEING DRAGGED THROUGH THE THIERGARTEN, BERLIN, ON A CARPET WHILE "CONTORTED" AND PLAYING A ZITHER.



MAX DUFFEK WALKING ON HIS HANDS, HIS FEET TUCKED COMFORTABLY UNDER HIS CHIN IN CONTORTIONIST MANNER.



"PUSHED" ALONG AS A LIVING WHEEL-BARROW.



STANDING ON HIS HANDS ON TOP OF A MOTOR-CAR.



ROLLER-SKATING DOWN UNTER DEN LINDEN.

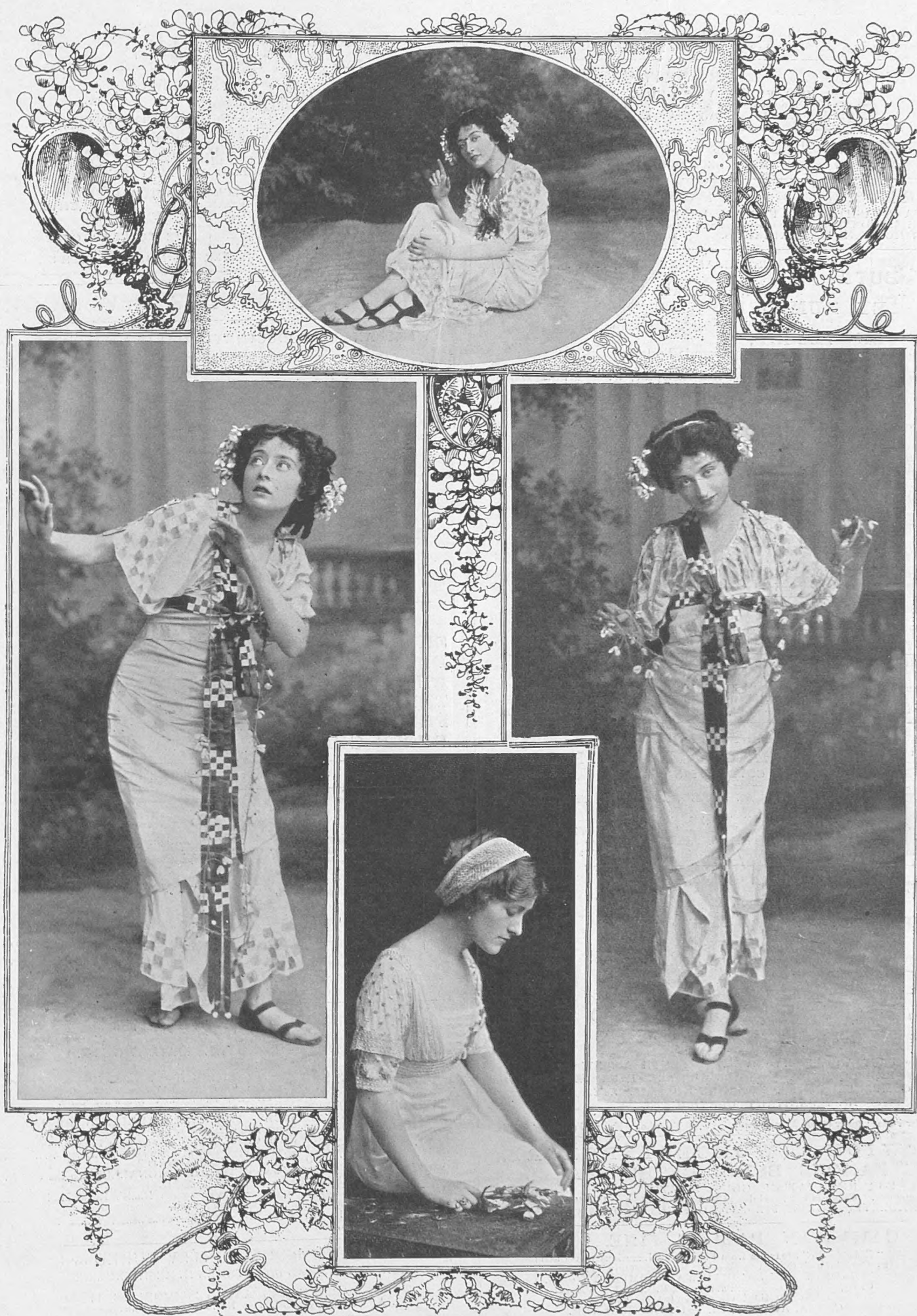


RUNNING ON HIS HANDS BEFORE SOLDIERS.

Max Duffek has made a bet that in a journey round the world he will move forward in a million different ways. He began his journey in Berlin the other day; is to come to London from Hamburg; will then go to America; and so on. He expects to complete his journey in from three to four years. Duffek is thirty-two, and is married. Some time ago he won a bet by running down the 900 steps of the 555 ft. Washington Monument on his hands in 58½ minutes.—[Photographs by Haackel.]

OF WASHINGTON COUNTRY AND ANANIAS - LAND :

"THE ARCADIAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS SOMBRA AND MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS EILEEN CAVANAGH.

Arcadia is a land that would have delighted George Washington: no such thing as a lie is known in it. The earth, on the contrary (according to the Arcadians), is the home of lies, a veritable Ananias-land.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

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By COSMO HAMILTON

Notnin' to do with
the Point.

I believe that in one of my
bursts of confidence, my soul-
searchings for the immediate

amusement of the present generation and the future benefit of posterity, d'y'see—what?—I confessed to havin' fallen a victim to golfitis. The fact that I've got it worse than ever is nothin' whatever to do with what I've set myself out to say here and now. The fact that I've not only got a bag stuffed full of clubs, at least six of which I never use, and enough discarded clubs decoratin' corners to fill eight bags, has also got nothin' whatever to do with the point. The fact that I go down to a course not a hundred miles from Charing Cross by eighty of 'em—I don't mean crosses, I mean miles—twice a week, and slash turf, cut pills, scatter sand, and rake about in long grass—growin' every day—and ditches filled with water to the naked eye and mud like puddin' underneath; eat hefty lunches and drink gleamin' beer, read golf papers, and talk golf talk, and listen to very improper but screamingly funny stories related with unction by a steward with an extraordinary command of accents, has also got nothin' to do with the point. That's merely golf, and it's a fine game. Whether one's off or on, muddin' or sendin' 'em off clean and sweet, pitchin' 'em up clean and neat, and holin' out one, two, or ten over bogié makes no odds. Oh, bless you, no. One's been in the sun, kept the waistline normal, given révenue to the railway and the club, and work to caddies—they call it work!—and so forth. All of which things are good, patriotic, and sensible, d'y'see? One—and by one I mean, of course, Bee—might just as easily have been racin'—if one had water on the brain; or playin' polo—if one were a restless cove; or takin' a pretty woman with an excellent reputation underneath a Maxim hat round the town; or, to come to the point, doin' any other of the numerous forms of exercise, accordin' to temperament and bringin' up. And they are all amusin', they all make a nice big hole in the day. Nevertheless, amusin' as they are, there is no form of amusement half so amusin' as sittin' tight and watchin' humanity.

Self-Consciousness. I came to this conclusion the other night when, with two extremely excellent jokers, both of whom have served their country in khaki, and got precious little in return, not even the thanks of a callous W.O., I turned into the old Savaloy after a show, only one word in twelve in which I understood, the remainder bein' New York, smoked cigarettes, drank whisky, and watched all the world and anybody's wife comin' in to

feed. It is really and truly one of the things to do just about now. Odd sights to see, believe me! Oh, doocid odd. The right men and the wrong women, mostly. The right men, self-conscious and stiff, and the wrong women, as pleased as Punch; the wrong women in Dover dresses more and more Calais, and one or two of the wrong men in the hideous bluish waistcoat that has hitherto been, and ought only to be, worn by flunkies. And we three came to the conclusion that whether the men were right or wrong, they all walked badly. Some slouched furtively; some pranced circusly;

some tittered in the dart-throwin' manner, the poisonous manner of the wrigglin', gigglin', effeminate, girlish man who is everywhere to be seen nowadays. We came to the conclusion that self-consciousness belongs almost universally to men. It was quite extraordinarily pronounced.

Good Reasons and a Suggestion.

It is quite easy to understand that a man may be self-conscious who has the cheek or the pluck to run the gauntlet with a young woman snatched from the front page of *Le Rire* or *Le Petit Parisien* who has taxied down from the Marylebone Road or tubed it from West Kensington. He has the right to look self-conscious. One can sympathise with a man who, for one reason or another, brings to the Savoy a gawky cousin from Bath or Cheltenham, an elderly aunt from Porchester Square, or the amazin' wife of a Radical Cabinet Minister—I believe the wives of Radical Cabinet Ministers are amazin', and all Radical Cabinet

Ministers I'm sure ought to be cabinet-makers, and are plumbers and the like. They also have the right, poor devils. But there is no excuse for a man to be self-conscious who escorts one of the right, tall, athletic, much-behaired young women of Society to feed. Why be furtive under these circumstances? Why shuffle in and gibber and stumble with one of her? Well, it comes to this, then. Sandow or somebody must start a school for walkin'. That's all. Somebody or other must take our men in hand and teach 'em how to enter the Savoy, and pass between two lines of searchin', curious eyes with aplomb, blandness, straight backs, and ease. For, at this moment, eighty per cent. of men—I'm talkin' about men, not Chancellors of the Exchequer—look very foolish in public places, very idiotic, ungainly, creased-up, and pappy. And that's a pity. Well, I don't insist on it's bein' a pity; but what I mean is, if you must have it, that it offends me. And if that isn't much the same thing, what is? What?

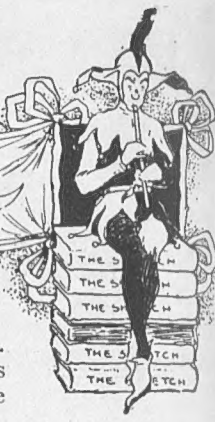


SAFE AT LAST: THE LIONS LESS DANGEROUS THAN THE WIFE.

Photograph by Topical.



THE CLUBMAN



The Speechless Flying Man.

make speeches.

comes to this country is forced by a sort of moral pressure to rise after dinner and to talk platitudes. Be he Swede or Italian or Greek, he is not let off this infliction, and though a roomful of British gentlemen would sooner that he spoke in his own language than that he did not speak at all, they consider that he should have mastered the Anglo-Saxon tongue sufficiently to commence with "Mr. Chairman, my lords and gentlemen, the honour you have done me to-night," and to struggle on for half an hour in broken English. Mr. Wright was delighted to lunch with his brother fliers—the Mayor of Pau having vicariously taught him to like French cookery—but he would not talk to them at length.

"Haow!" My hero in the matter of speeches always has been a countryman of the Wrights, who, having distinguished himself mightily, was begged to return to his native township in order that his fellow-citizens might entertain him. A strong appeal to his patriotism was necessary, for he pointed out that, though he was a hearty eater, he was no talker. However, he consented to be banqueted. He was met at the station by the Mayor and a brake decorated with flowers, and the town brass band. All the citizens had put on their Sunday clothes in honour of the occasion, Old Glory was unfurled from every house-front, and long bands of canvas with inscriptions of welcome were hung across the street. The banquet in the Baptist recreation-hall was described in the local Press as a "recherché feast worthy of Olympus." The Mayor excelled himself in his patriotic stream of eloquence. Then the great man rose. He looked round on his fellow-citizens and beamed. "Wa-a-a-al!" he said slowly, and paused. Then he raised his glass, filled with champagne. "Ha-a-ow!" he ejaculated (the usual salutation between men when they drink in a Western saloon) drained his glass and sat down.

Permissible Speeches.

A gallant effort was made the year before last to abolish the speeches at the Royal Academy banquet, in order that the guests might have time to look round the galleries and see the pictures; but this year the speech-makers asserted their rights once more, though at less length than usual. In my humble opinion, the toasts at any banquet should

The Wright Brothers are going to teach the English how to fly, and how not to. As a rule, any celebrity who

be limited to three and the speeches to two. The health of his Majesty the King requires no introduction to his loyal subjects. The guest of the evening or the event celebrated,

and the reply of the guest if he wants to talk, or his simple "Thank you" if he does not wish to, should be the only speeches. The chairman's health should be proposed in twelve words, and answered in eighteen.

"And the Reserve Forces."

The speeches which always drive me to the verge of desperation are those in reply to "The Navy, the Army, and the Reserve Forces." The toast always comes late in the evening, when the reporters have shut up their note-books and have gone away, and when the guests are so tired of turgid oratory that they shift about on the cushions of their chairs as though these were red-hot. The toast-master, in announcing the toast, dwells lovingly on the "r" in "Reserve," and rolls it unctuously over his tongue. The proposer assures the tired company that "as in the past, so in the present, ay, and in the future, the naval and military forces of Great Britain will always do their duty." Then an Admiral, with a voice like a culverin, after mentioning that the Navy is the senior service, announces portentously that it will do its duty in the future as in the past; and a General, noting that our Army is small in numbers but great in spirit, says that at all times it will do its duty; and, last of all, some blameless gentleman, starred all over his dress-coat with Volunteer decorations, says defiantly that the Reserve, or Territorial, forces will, if they are called upon, do their duty. And we are all so sure of it, without being told so at the end of a long evening!

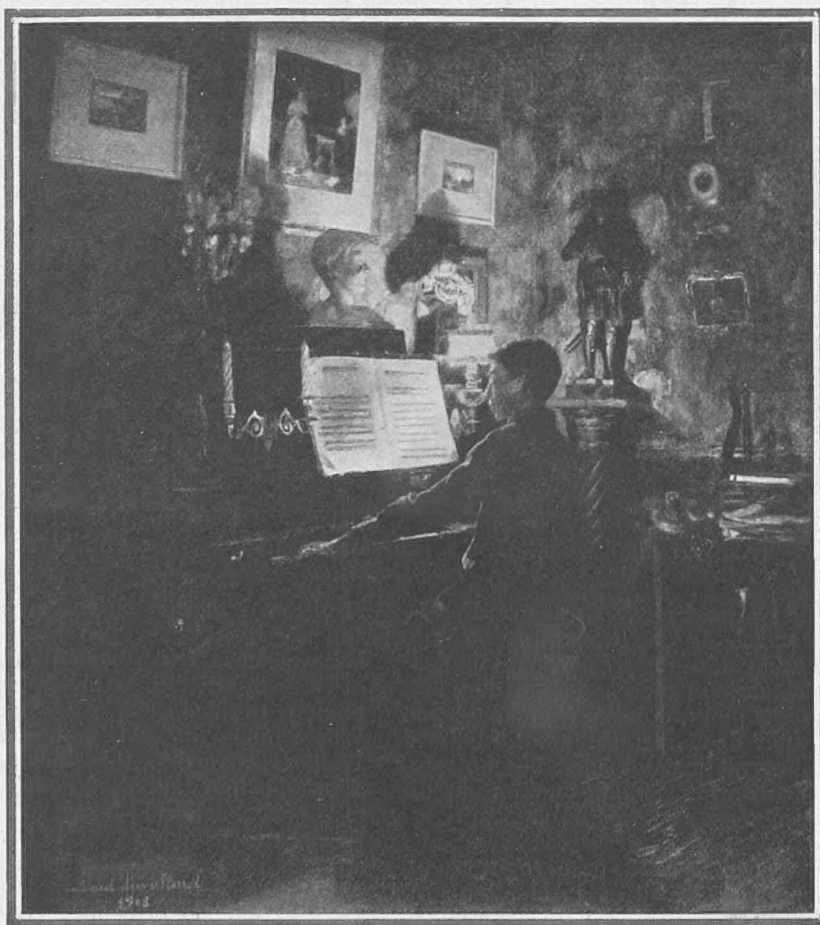
The First Air-Ship Line.

From whence to where will the first British air-ship line run? The Germans have settled that the Zepelin line is to fly from Lucerne to Hamburg, and the Count thus adds another attraction to "Lovely Lucerne"; for a daily view of the start of the air-ship will be included, no doubt, in the tripper's five-pound ticket. From Manchester to Liverpool will be, I should imagine, our first route; but if Brighton is wise she will make an effort to be the terminus of the pioneer air-ship line. The bright young fellows of the Stock Exchange will all want to aviate down for the week-ends, and what a delightful subject for an artist a group of pretty ladies on the pier looking skywards for the "Husbands' Dirigible" will make.



THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO HAS A PAINTING IN THE SALON: MAURICE LAVALLARD.

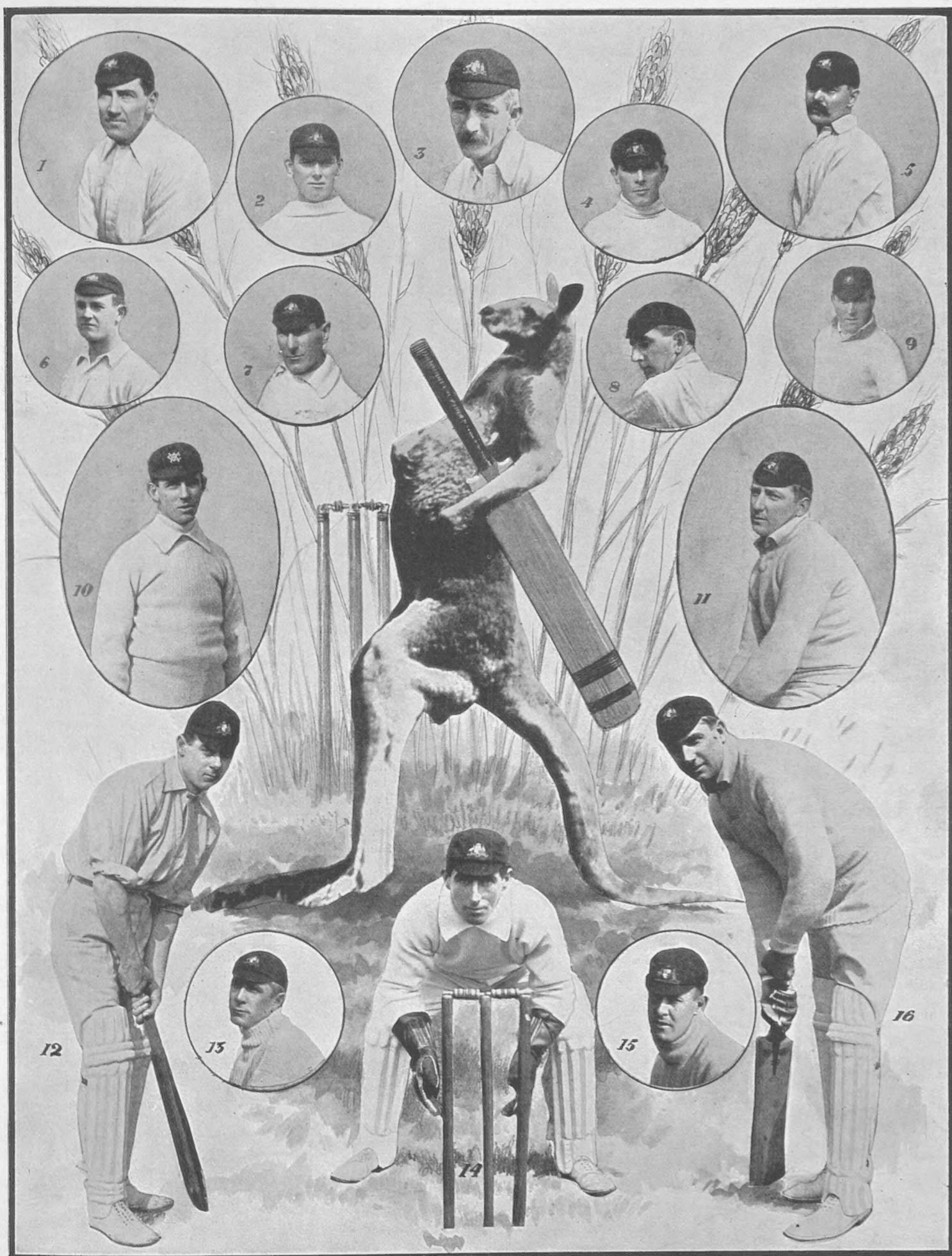
Maurice Lavallard's picture of an interior (reproduced below) was sent to the Paris Salon in the usual way, and was at once accepted by the Hanging Committee. The youthful artist is the youngest painter who has ever exhibited in the Salon.—[Photograph by Delius.]



A SALON PICTURE BY A BOY OF TWELVE: THE PICTURE BY MAURICE LAVALLARD THAT IS A SENSATION OF THE PARIS "ROYAL ACADEMY."

SIXTEEN OF THE BEST: THE CORNSTALKS.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS WHO ARE IN THIS COUNTRY.



1. FRANK LAVER (VICTORIA); BORN 1869; MANAGER OF TEAM; SOUND BATSMAN AND BOWLER.
2. W. S. WHITTY (SOUTH AUSTRALIA); BORN 1888; LEFT-HAND MEDIUM BOWLER; AN EXPERIMENT.
3. H. CARTER (NEW SOUTH WALES); BORN 1878; FIRST WICKET-KEEPER AND GOOD BAT.
4. C. G. MACARTNEY (NEW SOUTH WALES); A NEW MEMBER OF THE TEAM; A LEFT-HAND BOWLER AND A RIGHT-HAND BAT.
5. S. E. GREGORY (NEW SOUTH WALES); BORN 1870; IN ENGLAND FOR THE SEVENTH TIME.

6. ALBERT COITER (NEW SOUTH WALES); BORN 1883; THE FAST BOWLER OF THE TEAM.
7. JOHN O'CONNOR (SOUTH AUSTRALIA); ON FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND; RIGHT-HAND BOWLER AND LEFT-HAND BAT.
8. ROGER HARTIGAN (QUEENSLAND); BORN 1881; VISITING ENGLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME; SOUND BAT.
9. A. J. HOPKINS (NEW SOUTH WALES); BORN 1876; EXCELLENT BAT AND GOOD BOWLER.
10. VERNON RANSFORD (VICTORIA); BORN 1885; GOOD LEFT-HAND BAT.
11. WARWICK ARMSTRONG (VICTORIA); BORN 1879; EXCELLENT BAT AND GOOD LEG BREAK BOWLER.

12. WARREN BARDSLEY (NEW SOUTH WALES); BORN 1884; GOOD LEFT-HAND BAT.
13. PETER MCALISTER (VICTORIA); ON FIRST VISIT; VICE-CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM; GOOD FIELD AND MODERATE BAT.
14. W. CARKEEK (VICTORIA); RESERVE WICKET-KEEPER; GOOD LEFT-HAND BAT.
15. VICTOR TRUMPER (NEW SOUTH WALES); BORN 1877; PAYING HIS FOURTH VISIT.
16. MONTAGUE A. NOBLE; BORN 1873; EXCELLENT BAT AND BOWLER; PAYING HIS FOURTH VISIT; CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM.

For our details we are indebted to "Lloyd's News"; photographs by Sport and General.

SMALL TALK



MISS CLARE ROYSE, NIECE OF LORD MONCK, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. ALFRED CONNELL, OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

ron, and the conjunction accounts, perhaps, for the record number of portraits of one charming head that decorate her husband's home. The honourable Chantrey cheque for £1750—if that be the figure—was not the only recent arrival of interest to the Anglo-Dutch household in St. John's Wood. Juliana is naturally a personage of importance, and twins, in the shape of a book of verse and a

LADY ALMA-TADEMA, whose picture at the Royal Academy keeps company, not with her husband's, but with her daughter Anna's two canvases in the "Gem," or "Postage-Stamp," Room, is a daughter of Dr. Epps, and in appearance is reminiscent of many of the women of the Dutch Masters. She is also, strange to say, easily alterable into the type of Roman matron, and the conjunction accounts, perhaps,

book of prose by Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema, have also just seen the light.

Sir Lawrence in Chantrey.

Sir L. Alma-Tadema may partake of roasted and rare parrot off a golden dish and drink bubbling vintages from crystal cups without in the least degree disqualifying his pictures for purchase by the Chantrey Trustees. It is a vulgar error to suppose that Sir Francis

some pretty poetry to the daily Press. The literary talent of the postal reformer himself, whose birthday falls next week, naturally takes the form of letter-writing.

Miss Larnach.

Miss Larnach, who is so popular in the smart hunting and racing set, is, of course, the nineteen-year-old daughter of that rare good sportsman Mr. J. W. Larnach. She had the great grief of losing her mother, Lady Isabel Larnach, some years ago. Lady Isabel, a sister of the present Lord Cork, was a most delightful person, and was deeply regretted by a wide circle of friends. These will assuredly now welcome her débutante daughter. Mr. Larnach hunts and races; he entertains a good deal, both in Sussex and at Carlton Gardens. He won the Derby one year.

The Heir of Tresco Weds.

An interesting wedding was fixed for Tuesday (May 11), at Holy Trinity,

Sloane Street. Captain Arthur Dorrien-Smith, the bridegroom, is the eldest son of Mr. Dorrien-Smith, of Tresco Abbey, who is not only Lord of the Scilly Isles, but also may be considered the head of the great family of



A DÉBUTANTE OF NEXT YEAR: LADY MARJORIE COCHRANE, THIRD DAUGHTER OF LORD DUNDONALD.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MRS. ARTHUR DORRIEN-SMITH, Formerly Miss Elinor Salvin-Bowlby, whose wedding took place yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Gabell.

Chantrey intended his money to reach the poor painter in preference to the wealthy; the terms of his will definitely state that no considerations of sympathy or charity are to be taken into account in its disposal. Our much-criticised friends the Academicians cannot be accused of disregarding this clause of their trust by pitying Sir Lawrence. His lovely and luxurious house in Grove End Road only the other night offered hospitality to the learned representative of the Dresden Gallery, who has been spending a timely few days—and nights, including that of the Academy Banquet—in London.

The most appropriate place, perhaps, for Mrs. Hehniker Heaton's portraits and miniatures would have been the "Postage-Stamp" Room at Burlington House; but, failing that, Walker's Gallery, in Bond Street, serves her purpose well enough; and it is there that her friends, in paint and in person, are during this one week congregating. Mr. Heaton, whose son married Miss Sermonda Burrell, a granddaughter of old Lord Gwydyr, has a daughter, who contributes, under rather shy initials,



POPULAR IN THE SMART HUNTING AND RACING SET: MISS LARNACH.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR DORRIEN-SMITH, Whose Marriage to Miss Elinor Salvin-Bowlby took place yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Talma.



SISTER OF LADY DALMENY: MISS MILLICENT GROSVENOR, DAUGHTER OF LORD HENRY GROSVENOR.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Smith. Captain Dorrien-Smith is a notable botanist; a year or two ago he brought back from Australia and New Zealand some three hundred plants, most of which were unknown in England. His bride, Miss Elinor Salvin-Bowlby, is the third daughter of the late Mr. Edward Salvin-Bowlby. She has hunted a good deal, with her sisters, in the Newbury country.

Rhymes and the Budget. Mr. Lloyd-George is not entirely without the poetic sense—Mr. Meredith thinks every Welshman deserves to be a Laureate or a Chancellor of the Exchequer—but it is his good memory, and not his love of the Muse, which enables him to quote an amusing epigram made when the Coalition Administration proposed the stamp duty upon receipts—

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise That would not fall on me." "Then tax receipts," Lord North replies, "For those you never see."

The allusion to unpaid bills falls flat if aimed at any Minister in these well-regulated days, but while the application miscarries, the moral remains the same.

THE COUNTRY OF THE THREE MONTHS' NIGHT.
WINTER IN THE LAND OF THE LAPPS.



1. SKI-ING FURTHEST NORTH: WINTER SPORT AT HAMMERFEST.

2. TWELVE MILES FROM THE ETERNAL ARCTIC ICE: MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER WITH A LAPP BABY, IN A SLEDGE DRAWN BY A REINDEER.

3. A SIGHT THAT SHOULD ENCOURAGE MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE FRENCH: A LAPLANDER AND HIS CHILDREN AT JUKKASJÄRVI.

4. PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE THREE MONTHS' NIGHT: THE GREAT OPEN MINE FROM WHICH IRON ORE FOR KRUPP'S IS TAKEN, SHOWING THE TRACK MADE BY THE MOON DURING THE EIGHT HOURS' EXPOSURE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE.

These photographs of winter in the land of the Lapps are of particular interest, in that it is very unusual for travellers to visit that part of the world at the period chosen by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, whose camera recorded these scenes. For three months in the year there is darkness, relieved only by the Northern Lights; and, to put it in an Irish way, on the shortest day it is night all day, as on the longest day it is day all day. With particular regard to our photographs, it may be said that Hammerfest is the northernmost town of Europe. Of the mine, it may be noted that it is at Kiruna, Swedish Lapland, that it is an open mine, and that it is so rich in iron ore that it will yield its treasures to man for at least another 200 years. Much of the iron ore taken from it is sent to Essen, there to be used by Krupp in the making of guns. The photograph was taken on the darkest day of the whole year. An exposure of eight hours was necessary, and it is interesting to note (in the left-hand top corner of the photograph) the track of the moon. During the three months' darkness work goes on as usual, the various terraces of the mine being lit in the manner shown by means of electricity. As we have said, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Frank Hedges Butler for the use of these photographs.

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



WIFE OF THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR
NATAL: LADY ARBUCKLE.

Photograph by Swaine.

present. But whatever the reason of the performance, it attracted a particularly full house. Indeed, the audiences at Covent Garden have been brilliant in the extreme, and the season needed nothing more than the return of the King and Queen to be entirely successful.

In the Wings. The King's experience of the Opera is as various as it is extensive. He was present at the historic first performances of the "Ring" in 1882; he came through the "ordeal," after attending eleven performances, with a light heart. It is true that he varied the tedium of his box by visits behind the scenes, where the ingenious "swimming"

HAD the rumour been true that "Samson et Dalila" was given at Covent Garden only at the request of Queen Alexandra—who, it is said, particularly desired to hear the opera, hitherto forbidden because of the Biblical origin of its story—it might have been expected that a date would have been chosen for its performance when her Majesty

could have been

Polo People. The Countess of Kimberley and her daughter have arrived in London just in time for the polo season, which, since Lord Wodehouse is so keen upon the game, is not a negligible matter for them. His name has just been added to the "Recent Form List," and this means that it comes under consideration for selection for the important matches

of the year, which

are made doubly interesting by the presence in the field of a strong American team. Lord Wodehouse, who is only twenty-six years of age, has already mixed a considerable amount of politics with his polo; Lord Shrewsbury, on the other hand, is hardly less proud of the fact that he put the first cabs with noiseless tyres upon the streets of London and Paris than he is of his ponies and his play. Politics he leaves to younger, and less energetic, men.

Holland House Again.

The garden ball-room, and the gardens, at Holland House have, by the courtesy of Mary Countess of Ilchester been placed at the service of



WIFE OF LORD CLANCARTY: THE
COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ON A VISIT TO EUROPEAN COURTS: PRINCE AND
PRINCESS NASHIMOTO.

The Prince and Princess are on a visit to several European Courts. They are expected in London at the beginning of next month.

Photograph by Park.

resemblance to the present German Emperor, and some years ago it was prophesied that he would grow to be the counterpart, in an English uniform, of the Kaiser. But the likeness has diminished rather than increased, and no uneasy official at the White City, even if he be fed full with the "invasions" of Mr. Le Queux and Mr. Leo Maxse, will detect in the Honorary President an energetic Emperor spying, in disguise, upon England and her Ally.



DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN:
THE PRINCESSES NOBUKO FUMI AND
TOSHIKO YASU.

Photograph by Bolak.

apparatus used by the Rhine- maidens in the "Rheingold" were found to be particularly fascinating.

The Hohenzollern. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who has accepted the honorary presidency of the Japanese Exhibition, to be held at Shepherd's Bush next year, is a figure for the field as well as for the fair. No Hohenzollern of them all bears a more military aspect, and his tastes accord with his traditions. He is, as everyone knows, a grandson of one of the ablest commanders of modern times—"the Red Prince" Frederick Charles. By right of ancestry, Prince Arthur bears not a little



MARRIED TO PRINCESS FUSAKO KANE
DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN:
PRINCE KITASHIRAKAWA.

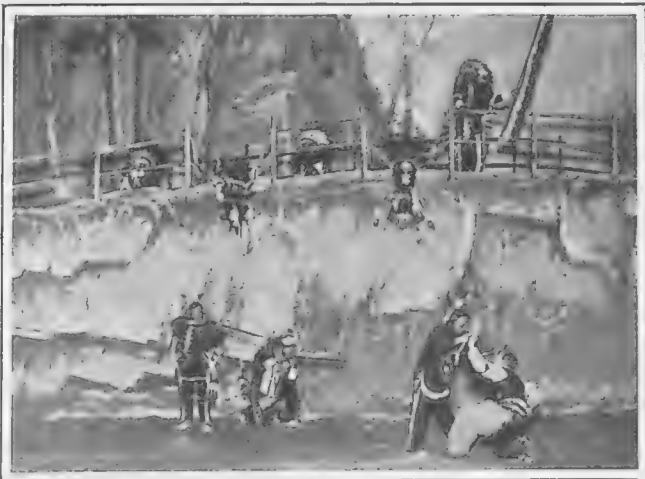
Photograph by Maruki.

the concert committee of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, and Lady Maud Warrender will be one of the "special attractions" of the programme on June 11. Mary Countess of Ilchester has on several occasions used her "field" to good purpose. The present Countess of Ilchester, who, like her mother-in-law, is attached to Holland House, and interested in its associations with the dandies and wits of the past, has had experience of several London dwellings; London-derry House she knows, of course, "like her pocket," and for some time she lived with her husband at 30, Old Burlington Street, a wonderfully charming residence.



DER KRONPRINZ AMUSIERT SICH: AN AMUSING SNAPSHOT
OF THE FUTURE GERMAN EMPEROR.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



REDSKINS AT EARL'S COURT: A TABLEAU IN THE SPECTACLE AT THE GOLDEN WEST EXHIBITION.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.



BURNING PALE-FACES AT THE STAKE: "THE RED MAN," AT THE GOLDEN WEST EXHIBITION.

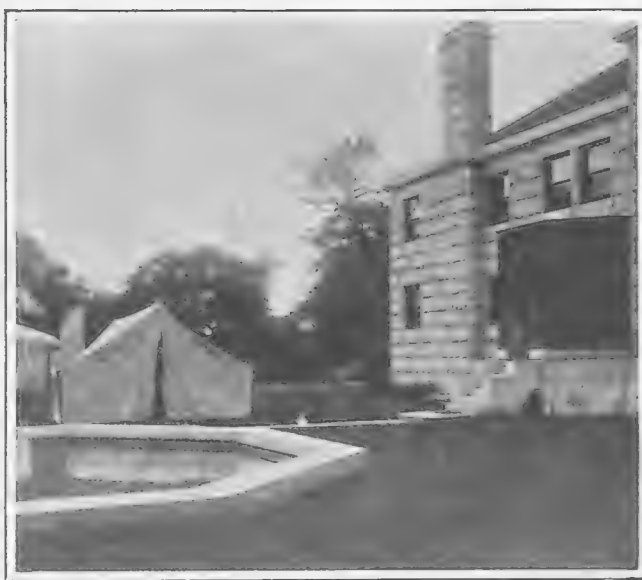
Photograph by Gale and Polden.



A BEAUTY-PARLOUR FOR DOGS: SHAMPOOING A PET.

There now exists in London a beauty-parlour for dogs. There the coats of pets are cleaned, antiseptically and dried electrically in a few minutes. Amongst the officials is a trained nurse.

Photograph by Barratt.



A "MONARCH'S" PALACE: THE TENT OF MR. PATTEN, THE WHEAT KING.

It will be remembered that recently Mr. Patten caused a great sensation by cornering wheat. He is now resting at Evanstown, Illinois, and is leading the simple life in the tent shown, in which he eats and sleeps.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



A BEETLE THAT EATS TWICE ITS OWN WEIGHT OF MELON: THE HERCULES, WHICH RESEMBLES A LOBSTER'S-CLAW.

The Hercules Beetles at the "Zoo" are very fond of water-melons, and will often eat twice their own weight of it. The beetles are about six inches long. The formidable proboscis is, of course, the creature's most useful weapon, but it has a habit also of nipping its keeper's hand between the back of its head and its armoured back, as a man can hold a finger between his collar and his neck by throwing back his head.

Photograph by Halfonnes.



MORE ORIGINAL THAN THE VEILED VASES OF EUROPEAN CEMETERIES: A REMARKABLE MEMORIAL OVER A GRAVE IN THE CAMEROONS.

The native of the Cameroons, when given to erecting memorials over his graves, shows more originality than his European brothers. Not for him are the veiled vases, the obelisks, the angelic figures, and the immortelles in glass cases of the European cemetery. He is apt to choose to honour his dead by setting up some such strange figure as the one here shown. A great part of the Cameroons, it may be said, still remains to be explored; indeed, Lieutenant Boyd Alexander is now out there on an expedition.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Monocle))

The Yellow Press Play.

If the whole of Mr. Arnold Bennett's piece, "What the Public Wants," had been as brilliant as the first act, the comedy would have been unendurable. There can be too much of a good thing, and we should have grown tired of laughing before the play was over. Some think that our enjoyment was mainly malicious; that we were a highly sophisticated body, delighting in the cruel, witty exposure of other people's sins; but it should be added in fairness that we were all attacked in our turn. Fun was made of the Stage Society, which nevertheless produced the play, and there were nasty things about the dramatic critics; but most of us praised the work, with open hearts. Indeed, the *Manchester Guardian* was, I fancy, the only entity spoken of kindly. Somebody, no doubt, has asserted that the piece was brilliant but was not drama, a statement that is trite, but not critical. We may admit that Mr. Bennett's work is very uneven, that it lacks form and is diffuse, that it stumbles, halts, and even stands still for a while; but it wakes up again and dashes ahead to a triumphant end, leaving us all delighted by the defeat of the successful newspaper proprietor, who could not make out why the penniless, pretty widow had thrown him over, seeing that he was vastly rich, sincerely in love, enormously clever, presentable in person, and quite generous. Why did the pretty widow break off her engagement to Sir Charles Worgan, the newspaper Croesus? Not because he lacked culture or was unintellectual, but simply because he had the defect of his qualities. The wonderful gifts that had enabled him to win his prodigious success were inconsistent with his being fastidious, or even scrupulous, in his methods. People who amass tons of butter for their bread rarely get the "best fresh," and the penniless, pretty widow felt that she could not eat the other butter; that life would be intolerable with a man who, whilst willing to give up his gutter journalism for her sake, did not think of giving it up for his own. There you have her position in brief: the quantity of the butter would not make up for the quality.

It is a horribly clever play, and one laughed gleefully at the cruel vivisection of Sir Charles; at the witty exposure of his limitations; at his joy in the Oxford D.C.L. conferred upon him, and wonder what it meant; at his pleasure in discovering Shakespeare for himself—with the aid of the widow; at his rapture in running an artistic theatre, the scheme of which he promptly debases; at his disgust when his pet paper is said by the Foreign Secretary to be written "by errand-boys for errand-boys"; at his wonder what split infinitives are, and why people object to them; at his sublime belief that the whole world exists to supply "copy" for and readers of his

superficially considered, are all right, and that his speech is passable. Of course, everyone is comparing this play with "The Earth," where also an attack is made upon the Yellow journalist. Yet no one suggests that there is any connection between the two pieces. One of the comparatively few truthful proverbs is that it never rains but it pours. Probably Mr. Bennett's work will soon be put on for a run, and then a topic hitherto neglected, though the materials have existed for quite a long time, will be handled at two theatres at a time. It is to be hoped that ere it is reproduced "What the Public Wants" will be reconsidered by the author; it will gain very greatly if the third Act can be broken up and the pertinent part used in the second or fourth. It is quite good in itself, but poor—when compared with the rest—and consequently it causes our interest in the play to abate. Mr. James Hearn represented Sir Charles admirably. He might, perhaps, have been a shade more restful and Napoleonic. Still, he really got into the skin of the part. Mr. Dennis Eadie, Proteus among actors, was delightful as the cultured, wandering brother, who stayed in the newspaper office a year or so, studying a new aspect of life and criticising it vividly. Mr. W. G. Fay represented a hot-blooded Irish theatre-manager who cared nothing about any aspect of the stage save the artistic, and played superbly. Miss Margaret Halstan was charming in the part of the penniless, pretty widow. Miss Frances Wetherall gave a clever little picture of a middle-aged leading lady, and the audience roared at a neat little hit at the profession in her declining to go to the second performance of a Stage Society production, because she regarded the refusal to honour her card for the first as a slight upon her. Moreover, there was excellent work by Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss Amy Lamborn, and Messrs. Poulton, H. R. Hignett, and Charles Troode.

"One of the Best."

The revival of "One of the Best" at the Aldwych at popular prices is an attempt, and probably a wise attempt, to follow in the footsteps of Messrs. Smith and Carpenter at the Lyceum. Mr. Seymour Hicks is in his own theatre, and presumably, therefore, free to charge what he likes without regard to the harassing theory that a theatre loses caste if it charges less than half-a-guinea for its stalls. No doubt there was a time when "One of the Best," with William Terriss as the much-persecuted soldier, could draw its half-guineas; but perhaps the time is past. Even the shillings and sixpences seemed at times to see through it, and inclined to laugh at the wrong places. Still, the audience did its duty, and cheered the good and hissed the bad with all the enthusiasm of the Surrey side; and there is no reason to suppose that the revival will not be a great success. Mr. Ainley, in all his heroic beauty proclaiming his innocence, is, of course, a most important and effective element; so, too, are Miss Nancy Price, who acted ably as the remorseful villainess; Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, skilful in the part of the disappointed but unrepentant villain; and Mr. Harry Nicholls, who seems more completely in his element than any of the others.



WIFE OF OUR MR. BRUMMELL: MISS BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

"A Sense of Humour," written by Miss Beryl Faber and her husband, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, first produced at the Comedy early in 1906, was presented recently at the King's, Hammersmith, with much success. Miss Faber herself took the leading part.

Photograph by Langher.

forty papers; and, lastly, at his bewilderment when he is thrown over by the woman whom he loves for a reason which he cannot understand. The humour is increased by the fact that his manners,



CHIEF OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE IN GERMANY: MME. META ILLING.

Mme. Meta Illing and an English company are to tour Germany in various English plays, and will begin their tour with a command performance of "Mr. Hopkinson" before the Kaiser. It was arranged that the company should leave England yesterday (Tuesday).

(See "Heard in the Green-Room.") Photograph by Lundt.

A FAST AND FURIOUS DANCE: THE KIC-KING.



THE LATEST AND MOST STRENUOUS DANCE: Mlle. ODETTE AUBER AND MR. REGINALD D. VEULLY
IN THE KIC-KING POLKA IN "THE QUEEN OF THE MOULIN ROUGE," IN NEW YORK.

Photographs by White



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

'Mid Pleasures and Palaces.

Mohammed V. enters upon his reign with a sort of London County Council programme; everything for the best is to be done with due regard to economy. Hence it will be interesting to note if economy begins in the royal home. Precedent informs him that he should build him a new palace in which to dwell. No matter how ornate and splendid the abode of his predecessors, a new Sultan must build for himself a palace of delight, just as he must, or should, construct his tomb. Each royal palace is cursed with such infamous memories that a new-comer has hitherto preferred to provide his own setting for his pleasures and others' punishments. Mohammed comes from one of the royal palaces—the royal palace of Dolma Baghche, abode of Abdul Medjid. That was not good enough for the latter's successor; the palace of Tchiragan was substituted, and, in turn, yielded to Yildiz Kiosk. Tchiragan should be worth buying by the house-breaker; the doors alone of its State apartments cost £1000 apiece—the very furniture for one of our East End Boards of Guardians.

The Dogs of the City.

If seems a little thing to say that the dogs of Constantinople shall be destroyed—the mangy packs which make the streets offensive by day and hideous with their howling by night. But the carrying into effect of the Edict will tax Young Turkey more than a little. Abdul Aziz sent forth a similar decree, and armed his lord high poisoner with strychnine enough to exterminate the dog family of the world. Lethal meat, bestrewn with liberal hands, left dead-dog mountains high in the streets. A pestilence resulted. Then said they among the Faithful—"The Prophet hath done this thing, to punish us for the slaughter of the innocents." For a solemn covenant had been broken. Long ago the dogs of the city, by an exceptional outcry in the night, aroused the garrison just in time to repel the attack of a hostile army. So the reigning Sultan, spiritual head of his people, decreed that the dogs of Constantinople should for ever thereafter be held sacred, free of the city, seeing that the Prophet had made them the vehicle of the divine will. That is the legend which the Young Turks have to combat when they go in enmity to the dogs.

Nearly a Regrettable Incident.

A certain naval captain's letter to the Sea Lords has again been agitating the Peers, who thunder against a breach of discipline, which the Admiralty prefers to call a breach of confidence on an unknown somebody's part. In actual practice the Navy values discretion as much as discipline. It was the strict adherence to discipline which cost us the *Camperdown-Victoria* disaster. Admiral Hornby declared that the order ought never to have been obeyed, and showed what should have happened from an incident in

his own day in the Mediterranean. A chance was given to lieutenants to handle the ships at a manoeuvre, and the order went forth that captains were not to interfere. A lieutenant on the *Achilles*, mistaking a signal, placed his ship in such a position that a collision with the flagship was inevitable. Then the two captains of the respective vessels took charge, and showed the whole squadron a bit of sailing that delighted every seaman in it. Quietly and gently the ships were laid alongside one another, and the only damage was a few scratches and a squeezed boat on one side, and the shifting of a single plate on the *Achilles* on the other. Discretion was worth all the discipline just then.

The Price of Woe. Events in China make for the security of the new imperial régime; it is too costly to have dead royalty on hand. The Celestials could have built a *Dreadnought* or so with the funds which they have expended upon the obsequies of their late Emperor and Empress. Up to the close of last year a sum of over £900,000 had been expended on the funerals, and then the serious part of the business was only beginning. It was all very well to get the Emperor settled down in the Coal Hill Mortuary, but the spirit of the departed monarch did not like the lie of the land. Two months later, an edict appeared announcing that the imperial ghost was "uneasy," and "required to be comforted." Hence the proper officials had to be on the pounce, ready to seize a lucky day for temporarily "ranging him" in the spiritual dépôt of the Hall of Service of Ancestors, what time the final abiding-place was made ready. Since then the dead Empress has been upon a journey equalled only by that of her portrait, and the end of all is not yet.

The Chariot of Fire.

To get well and truly settled after death in China it is advisable to be a little less exalted than of regal rank. Viceregal rank is the grade for despatch with dignity, finality with decorum. When Li Hung Chang was nearing his end they popped on his grave-clothes, and summoned to his courtyard a party of illustrious mummies. They brought a green chair with eight bearers, and eight black horses with riders. All waited for the signal, and, when Li Hung was declared to be no more, someone applied a match, and up went chariot and horses and riders in a cloud of fire. Horses and riders and chariot were all of paper, though life-size. Then up trotted a party of men bearing the famous teak-wood and lacquered coffin—a rare friend of the dead man. It had been all round the world and home again with him. We knew it well in England. In it they laid him ready for the funeral, and never a million did it cost his country.



SCULPTURE BY A CRACK REVOLVER-SHOT AND HORSEMAN: "THE MERMAID," BY WALTER WINANS, EXHIBITED AT THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY.

The statuette is in tinted ivory and bronze.



A HORSEWOMAN, BY A HORSEMAN: MR. WALTER WINANS' "THE SPANISH TROT," EXHIBITED THIS YEAR AT THE PARIS SALON DU CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.

Mr. Winans has had statuette exhibited all the world over.

HALF - CALF!



THE LONG-SUFFERING ONE: What is this, dear?

THE ONE OF GREAT GOODNESS: It's a pie I made out of Mrs. Beeton's cookery book.

THE L. S. O.: Then this leathery part, I presume, is the binding.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Magda in Real Life.

A close parallel exists between the life-story of Mme. Meta Illing and that of Sudermann's famous heroine, whom she has often impersonated. It is due to Mme. Illing's enterprise, as *Sketch* readers scarcely need reminding, that an English company left London yesterday (Tuesday), in order to start a short tour in Germany, beginning with a command performance before the Kaiser and Kaiserin at the Hof Theatre, Wiesbaden, on Friday next, when "Mr. Hopkinson" will be performed. She is Magda, but with a difference, for the incident of Magda's lover and child have to be eliminated in Mme. Illing's case. The puritanical environment of her life was so exceedingly irksome to her that she ran away from home at the age of sixteen, and became an actress in order to escape it. From the smallest parts she was gradually promoted, until she became an acknowledged leading actress, and played at theatres of such importance as the Lessing, Berlin; the Thalia, Hamburg, and the Schauspielhaus, Munich. At length, after several years, she returned to her native town, and by a curious coincidence, the



THE BEST-PAID CHILD DANCER IN THE WORLD:
MISS ELISE CRAVEN.

It will be remembered that little Miss Craven made a great hit as the Queen of the Fairies in "Pinkie and the Fairies," at His Majesty's. Since then she has been starring at the highest salary ever paid to a child dancer.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

play in which she opened was "Magda." This similarity of her career with that of the part she was playing was too striking to escape comment either by her family, her friends, or the native Press. This part, a few years ago, she played in English with her own company in New York, and won the most enthusiastic praise of the leading critics. The *New York Herald* declared she was "a human dynamo of magnetism," a tribute to a personal gift which American audiences always look for, and greatly esteem. As a matter of fact, so do our own critics and public, although we do not so often use the word "magnetism."

Fire, Fire Everywhere, and not a Spark to See!

On the occasion of Mme. Illing's first appearance on the American continent, she had an experience which was decidedly curious, not to say weird. The town was Milwaukee, in which there is a great German population, and she had played Beata in "Es Lebe das Leben" ("The Joy of Living"). Her success had been very great indeed, and tired out with excitement and the fatigue of acting, she changed her stage dress and removed her make-up very leisurely. Indeed, she was so long before she was ready to leave the theatre that she found, to her dismay, that the whole place was locked up and she was a prisoner in the dark theatre. Naturally, more than ever, she wanted to get away, for her fatigue was so great that her comfortable bed in the hotel was the only thing which had any attraction for her. It was useless for her or her maid to shout, for there was nobody in the theatre to hear. At last Mme. Illing saw a way of escape, and took it. She opened her dressing-room window and clambered out on to

the roof, and shouted "Fire!" with all the vigour and energy and all the voice she possessed. Through the still streets rang the persistent cries of "Fire! fire! fire!" Windows were thrown open, people rushed into the street, looking in the direction from which the cries came, and presently at full speed came the fire brigade with ladders, which they soon placed against the theatre, and down which the actress was carried by the firemen.

A Dramatist as Newsvendor.

A dramatist selling newspapers in the streets! What capital some of the sensational papers would make of such a fact, even though it only happened once, and was done in a moment, when it added a genuinely dramatic and humorous touch to an otherwise commonplace incident. It happened, however, to Mr. Charles McEvoy on the morning after the production of his first play, "David Ballard," by the Stage Society. Naturally, he wanted to see the criticisms as soon as possible, so he got up early and went to the newspaper agent nearest to the house in which he was living at Chelsea, and bought a copy of every morning paper. With the sheaf of newspapers under his arm, he hurried back to his rooms. As he went, a maid ran out of a house, and, seeing him with an armful of papers, she shouted for a copy of the *Daily Mail*. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. McEvoy sold her his copy. Whether he has kept the resultant halfpenny cannot, however, be recorded here.

The Result of a Make-up.

It is not often that a young and comely woman, especially when her line is that of lead, consents, in the interests of dramatic art, to disguise herself out of all semblance to herself. That, however, as *Sketch* readers will remember, is what Miss Nancy Price, now the leading lady at the Aldwych, did at a recent performance of the Stage Society when she played in "The Fountain" some few weeks ago. All the papers mentioned the excellence of her make-up, as did *The Sketch*, and the matter would not need further reference, but for a humorous incident to which it led. At the dress rehearsal, when the first scene in which she appeared was called, Miss Price went down to the stage. As the curtain was about to go up one of the stage hands noticed her for the first time. Such a dirty-looking woman could, he thought, have no right there at such a time; and, without more ado, he stalked up to where she was standing, and in no very gentle terms, and without picking his words over-carefully, ordered her off the stage and out of the theatre. It was a tribute to the actress's skill which was probably more gratifying to her than all the encomiums of the Press.



EXPONENT OF ORIENTAL BACCHANALIAN VEIL DANCES: MADIAH SURITH, WHITE QUEEN OF SNAKES, AND ONE OF HER LIVING REPTILES.

Miss Surith is at present appearing in Berlin, and is likely to come to London. During her dances she employs the services of a number of large snakes.

Photograph by Kiesel.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.



LONG TRAIL PETE (after the passing of the motor-car): Say! (sniff) What ther dooce was that, hey? (sniff)
 LANDLORD OF THE LONE SKUNK: F—fired if I know (sniff, sniff); but, tell yer what—we must get some of that.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"The Quarterly." So the *Quarterly* is a hundred years old. There is more significance, I think, in the centenary of a periodical than in that of a great man. That some genius was born precisely a hundred years ago is merely an accident, but that a review has held to a definite theory and kept up a high standard for a hundred years continuously means a great deal, and the present *Quarterly* does rightly in making the occasion remarkable by a bulky number with much interesting information about its past, as well as many new articles of great merit. As an old, though I fear infrequent, contributor, I offer my congratulations to the present editor, Dr. G. W. Prothero. In my opinion there was never a better editor of the *Quarterly*. The first one, Gifford, loomed large to his contemporaries: Byron always regarded him as a sort of father-in-letters on the score of early encouragement. Gifford, too, being the first, made the most sensation. Lockhart had an impressive personality, and will always have a place in literature for his editing of Scott's journals and letters. But no one has been happier in his choice of writers—I said I had written for him!—or in the authoritative and special knowledge of politics, domestic and foreign, which he has been able to command, than Dr. Prothero. I am glad he introduced the signed article some years ago. The day of solemn anonymity is over; it is no longer effective, and it is right that even in the *Quarterly* a writer should have due credit or discredit for his work. I hope the *Edinburgh* will some day follow suit.

Slashing Articles. Signed articles, if they were universal, would mean the extinction of the "slasher," no doubt. But practically it is dead already. The *Edinburgh Review* criticism, which is not signed, is quite as polite and restrained as any that is signed. We take a milder, perhaps a less robust, view of books we do not like. Anonymous or not, no criticism that counts at all is likely to resemble the "savage and Tartar" article on Keats. But if a critic *did* feel like pitching into an author with all his force, I fancy he would generally be restrained by putting his name to the article. I remember an acquaintance of mine began a review of a book thus: "In a proper state of society the author of this book would have been whipped at the cart's tail." (I hope I have not quoted this before: I remember it as a pleasant survival of the old way.) Well, he would hardly have written that if his name were to have been subscribed: the author might have had his own ideas as to the proper use of whips. Personally, the slashing review amuses me, but I should not like to write it. If a really bad book were sent me to review, I should prefer to tell my editor that it was not worth notice. Fastidious rather than kind, I fear, for most authors would rather be abused than ignored: I know I would.

Ancient Rome and Modern England.

If you want to get, in a very pleasant way, a really good idea of what the common round was like in Rome during the later Republic, I recommend to you "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero," by W. Warde Fowler (Macmillan). The likeness to our own day has often been remarked, and to anyone making acquaintance with the subject for the first time will be quite amazing. I think, however, that the Rome of Cicero's day was liker England in the eighteenth century than now. After all, its wealth was agricultural, and in few hands, as England's was then. The Roman nobles, in character and habits, were closer to ours a hundred and fifty years ago than to our present examples. Literature was under the same kind of patronage. And so on: there is a greater likeness to England as it is in Rome when the Empire had flourished a fairly long time. However this may be, Cicero himself was a very modern person, and his letters, *mutatis mutandis*, might well have been written by a contemporary successful advocate, cultivated and with a sense of humour, turned politician. If you do not know them, and if your Latin is just the least bit rusty, any don of your acquaintance will tell you of a good translation. As a statesman our old friend was much overrated, until Mommsen went to the other extreme; but as a man-of-the-world and a sympathetic, easy-going friend he is admirable. Jolly to be a Roman noble in those days! You had a tremendous fling in Rome as a young man, and got it all back as Governor of a province—in itself an interesting experience; you did what you liked, within extremely wide limits, and whatever you did your poet—your tame Horace or so—applauded you in neat elegiacs or sapphics. A disadvantage was that your political opponent might any day send a few soldiers to cut your



ENAMELLING DAY.

The Spring Clean: the Only Time an Artist is really Useful.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.

throat—as happened to poor Cicero at last—but even that made life the more exciting.

A Thrill.

I was advised by a friend who knows my love of creeping flesh to read Mr. Edgar Jepson's "The Mystery of the Myrtles" (Hutchinson). I pass on the advice cordially, but I will also pay Mr. Jepson the compliment of a little criticism. He might have thrilled me more horribly if he had taken more pains to create his weird atmosphere. The effect of his mysterious suburban garden, with the sense of horrible things happening in it, would have been greater if it had been built up more gradually, with the horror growing and growing. As it is, his hero climbs over the wall at once, and his hair stands on end immediately. Then there is a rather insipid flirtation which is out of tone with the murderous secrets. If you were on the track of a wholesale murderer you might have a passion for his daughter and still be artistically in tone, but little coquetries and billings and cooings don't mix with the theme. All the same, I got my thrill and am obliged.

N. O. I.

P. T. O. ; R. S. V. P.



TOMMY (who has been seeking strenuously to find the meaning of "P. T. O." in his grandfather's dictionary, and has not done so):

Grandpa, what does "P. T. O." mean?

GRANDPA (gazing at the havoc): Well, my boy, it's just what you're going to do now.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

HER LETTERS.

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THEY faced the situation with sober courage.
"We can't meet again," Kate said.

"No," he agreed.

Their eyes dropped in grave realisation of what the future would mean. Each bore it in silence, instinctively aware that to make any sign would be to ask of the other impossible self-control.

Presently Kate forced her mind to the consideration of practical details.

"Herbert will wonder," she said, "and so will Amy. What shall we do, John?"

He considered. "I will take Amy abroad," he said heavily. "She always likes change of any sort."

"Yes," Kate assented, and went slowly to the door.

He made no protest, but something impelled her to turn. His face was grey.

"John!" she whispered. "What is it?"

"Nothing."

Her lips quivered. "Do you want to kill me? Tell me what you were thinking."

He stood stiffly upright. "I was thinking I shouldn't be able to bear it."

She made a little shuddering sound. "John! Tell me what you want. Do you—do you want me to come with you?"

"Kate! You would?" He gazed at her with a kind of awe.

"Yes." She waited, quietly confident, and presently he gave a low laugh.

"You do trust me, don't you?" he said softly. "And it seems as though we, if anybody, might risk it. We love each other; your husband loves only himself; my wife loves only herself; we have neither of us children. And you will come if I ask you."

"Yes."

"And yet I don't ask you."

She held her head high. "I knew you couldn't."

"Couldn't? I don't understand, Kate."

"Ah, yes, you must! In gaining, we should lose each other. It wouldn't be you, you see, if you could ask me."

He reflected. "Nor you," he said slowly, "if you could come. Yes, I see that."

She smiled bravely. "Do you know we are proving something rather wonderful, John—something I've never quite dared to believe; and that now I'll never quite dare to doubt?"

"What is that?"

"That love, if there's only enough of it, is bound to be spiritual. That's why you can't ask me, and I can't come. We should be together, and yet dead. Now, though we shall never meet, we shall still belong to each other."

"Yes," he said. "But it's worse than never meeting, Kate. I could bear never to see or hear or touch you—I think I could bear that. But to be cut off from you utterly—body, soul, and spirit——" He broke off.

"What is it you want, John?"

"Such a little thing. We will never meet, but won't you write to me? Ah, hear me out! There are so many things we had in common before this one last thing—music and art and people and places. Who can be harmed if our letters are about such things? And they should be; I promise."

She was silent.

"Kate," he pleaded, "we love each other, and we are saying good-bye for ever. Isn't it a little thing—just everyday, friendly letters? It is so little that it is only just better than nothing."

She looked at him with troubled eyes.

"If you knew," he said, below his breath, "how hard it is to have lips for ever unsatisfied, and arms that ache with emptiness——"

Her eyelids quivered. "I know," she said simply.

He dropped his face in his hands. "You! It's—all that to you, too?" For the first time his voice broke.

She stood up. "John, we will write, then. There can be nothing wrong in letters like that. Only—we must never forget."

He nodded. "Never."

Her smile was wistful. "I think there isn't much danger. The penalty is so heavy."

He looked at her.

"You see that, John? The penalty for the first slip will be that we can never write again."

"Yes," he agreed.

Dinner had been in the garden. Over the coffee somebody raised a cry for music.

"A full moon," explained the light voice, "always seems waiting somehow to be serenaded."

"But the serenade," objected Amy Allington, the hostess, "must be etherealised by distance."

Kate Selbie rose, glad of any excuse to drop for a few minutes the mask of laughter. "Shall I do for the serenader?" she asked. "And if I shut the drawing-room doors shall I be ethereal enough?"

A chorus of careless thanks followed her. In the welcome silence of the house she sang two songs. Then the door opened.

"They have all gone down to the boats," John Allington said quietly. "I'm afraid they forgot you."

"I think I came in," she answered, "because I wanted to be forgotten."

"That is my dismissal?"

She flushed faintly. "I was thinking of the talk and laughter. I'm glad you came in; I wanted to explain. You were not prepared to see Herbert and me for the week-end? I am very sorry. I thought Amy would have told you, or I would have written yesterday."

"Amy met you, and asked you down, I suppose?"

"She met Herbert on Thursday in town. He told her the Hallards had put us off, and she asked us here instead. Of course Herbert accepted, and I—I saw no way out——"

He helped her. "Of course. It was so natural. I ought to have been prepared, even though Amy forgot to tell me."

Her eyes were troubled. "If it happens again?" she said.

"Ah, yes." His smile was grimly humorous. "It mustn't happen again, of course. I am afraid I shall find myself under the painful necessity of differing from Herbert on some vital subject such as hunting or golf—unless, of course, you are prepared to copy shamelessly one of Amy's hats?"

She gathered her music slowly together. "John," she said painfully, "there is one of my questions you never answer: Do you keep my letters?"

He hesitated.

"Ah, but you mustn't," she urged gently.

"Kate, I can't—burn them. I've tried, but I can't. They're all I have. At night, when I'm alone, I go to my desk and I press my knee against the ledge that opens the drawer, and—Kate, it's all I have."

She was afraid to analyse the little pang at her heart.

"But, John, if anything happened? If they were left—though they hold only friendship—for someone else?"

He looked puzzled. "You are afraid of that?"

"Aren't you?"

"No." He paused. "I don't know why. Of course one might, for instance, die suddenly. But somehow—no, that's one of the impossible cruelties. Don't you feel it so? Whatever happened I should be given time. You feel it, too?"

He looked at her so eagerly for confirmation that she could not bear to refuse it. Pride, too, would not let her say more. But for the first time since she had known him she felt in spirit momentarily alone. She changed the subject hurriedly.

"You came in to do some work, John?" Her eyes rested on a packet in his hand.

"Oh, no. This has just come, that's all. It's only the Australian agent's report. I shall have time to look into it to-morrow."

Somewhere in the distance a door opened and let in a gay babel of sound.

Kate rose. "I think I won't wait, John." She smiled faintly as she passed him. "We women overwork our headaches scandalously, but I'm afraid mine must do duty once more to-night. Will you make my excuses?"

He nodded. "I'll do my best to-morrow, Kate. You can

[Continued overleaf.]

EH, WHAT ?



ARCHIE: Awfully amusin' last night. I couldn't help laughing—they tried to take a rise out of me by gettin' a thought-reading Johnnie, who was there, to tell 'em what was in my mind. But I was too much for the fellah; he had several shots, and drew a blank every time!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

be out all day, and I can make this report an excuse for not coming."

This was again the John she knew—strong, generous, unselfish. Her lips quivered. "Thank you," she said softly, and was gone.

But, after all, no one went out at all next day. It was hopelessly wet, and the hours passed with a slowness that daunted even the most light-hearted. Everyone made an involuntary movement of relief when the dinner-gong sounded.

Amy Allington whirled to her feet with her little melodious empty laugh. "Oh, I'm as bored as any of you!" she assured her guests. "But your manners are the very, very most atrocious. I ordered the most expensive Sunday sun, and it isn't my fault if want of competition makes him independent. What a blessing cooks aren't quite as scarce as suns. Come and be fed. John—why, where is John? Wilson, where is Mr. Allington?"

"He was in the library, Ma'am, about an hour ago."

"This is encouraging," laughed John Allington's wife. "I had almost despaired of curing him of his favourite vice of punctuality. Come along. We'll call him on the way."

She ran across the hall and into the library. "John, didn't you hear the—?" Her voice snapped. For an instant there was silence. Then a terrified scream broke it. . . .

An hour later the gong sounded again—a subdued, muffled summons. Wilson appeared in the doorway, decorous, respectful, automatic—the triumphant product of the iron conventions of servitude.

"Mrs. Allington begs that there may be no change of plans. The cars will be ready, as ordered, at ten to-morrow morning."

They went, treading softly, to the dining-room, ashamed, for the most part, that they were still hungry. Little scraps of whispered news circulated.

"Heart, I think . . . yes, the doctor said so, they say . . . hastened by the shock . . . what shock? . . . oh, something to do with the Colonial agent . . . he was going through the report, it seems . . . yes, poor Amy, I hope things aren't so very bad . . . I say, oughtn't we to go to-night, after all? . . ."

The suggestion was vetoed. "Make such a noise, for one thing. Besides, Amy's asked us not to."

"I was going to-night, anyway," Herbert Selbie said. "I expect the car's round now. I can take two—no, three of you." He turned to his wife. "Because you'll be staying, won't you, Kate? Amy might want some help."

"Yes, I'll stay."

At last it was all over—the ghastly meal, the hurried arrangements, the whispered good-nights. At last she could shut herself in her room to think.

John was dead. Yes, but she might not have even one hour in which to bury her dead. John himself had made that impossible. Ah, the bitterness of it! If it might have been the fault of anyone else! She was stunned with the blow; she needed this one night for love and grief and memory, and John—*John* had taken it from her.

"Whatever happened, I should be given time." The confident words came back to her, ironic in their futility. Amy would find her letters, and what would not a mind like Amy's—a mind like Herbert's—make of the mere fact that she had written to him at all? She sickened at the thought. The simple truth, if she told it, would be to them only a cunning cloak, hiding who knew what of tortuous intrigue and guilt?

Somewhere a clock struck two, and she started. The night was half gone, and she must do something. Amy must not find her letters. What if she tried to find them herself? His words came back to her. "I press my knee against the ledge that opens the drawer. . . ."

With a candle she stole down to the library and began her search. The secret of the drawer eluded her; she could not, try as she would, give her whole mind to the task. Was it actually she who had work to do that needed the cover of darkness? A wave of passionate self-contempt swept over her, and her hands dropped to her sides.

"Perhaps it's on the left?"

With a startled cry she turned.

Amy Allington, a cruel little smile on her lips, leaned against the open door. In her hand was a bundle of papers—the report, Kate realised.

"How interesting!" Amy went on in her light, cool voice. "Letters, I suppose?"

Kate gazed at her in frozen silence. What was the use of words? Nothing she could say now would save her. She heard in anticipation Amy's mocking laugh if she told her the letters she was seeking in the middle of the night were innocent.

"Well, I'm afraid you can't have them." Amy crossed the room to the desk, and Kate stumbled to her feet. "Yes, I think you'd better go to bed. I can manage quite nicely, thank you." Her bright, bird-like eyes followed her victim. "I'll let you know in the morning whether I've found them. If not, perhaps Herbert will help me."

It was five o'clock when she knocked at Kate's door.

"Oh, I came to see if you were asleep. So you haven't been to bed? Well, nor have I; I've been busy." She laughed maliciously. "The drawer wasn't the other side, after all. And I found it quite

easily. I'll show you how it works if you like. But perhaps you don't much care—now it's empty."

Kate was sitting by the open window; she did not even turn her head.

"Oh, I think you'll have to drop that attitude now," mocked Amy. "It's a pity, because I must say it suited you. Bertie Carmichael was talking about it on Saturday night when you went in to sing. He said you always gave him the feeling that you'd just temporarily laid aside your crown and train and regular-royal-queenliness, and given us all permission to sit down."

Kate did not move. "Amy," she said, "will you tell me one thing? After reading my letters, do you really believe what you are all the time implying, or not?"

"My dear Kate, isn't that a question you'd better keep for Herbert?"

Kate's fingers tightened on the arms of her chair. "You're really going to give them to him? You *know* that I am innocent, and yet you mean to count on the—the quality of my husband's mind, and give him my letters?"

Amy pouted. For an instant there was an amused gleam in her eyes, then she dropped them. "I—I didn't say for certain," she said hesitatingly, enjoying all the sensations of a cat with a mouse.

Kate turned and looked at her. "Amy," she said, and the hardness had gone out of her voice, "I didn't mean to explain anything, but then I—I didn't expect generosity from you. We found it out two years ago, and since then we never met till Saturday. You know who was responsible for this week-end visit. There has been nothing between us but those letters you have read."

Amy broke into little hysterical sobs. "I suppose I've been a—a beast," she stammered pitifully; "but oh, Kate, I'm so worried. First the shock of last night, finding John; and then the report; and then you—all in one night. But I don't want to be horrid."

Kate's heart smote her; she had misjudged Amy. "You must let me stay and save you all worry," she said. "Won't you go and try to sleep now?"

"It's no good; you don't understand. It's the report. I had to look at it, because they wanted to know if that was what had been the shock to John. And—and I'm going to be a pauper." She sobbed desolately.

"Oh, Amy!" Kate was dismayed. "It can't be so bad. But if it is—you'd let me help you?"

Amy raised her tear-dimmed eyes. "Thank you ever so much," she said softly. "I'm in an awful hole. I shan't be able to get any mourning, even. I spent the money for my dressmaker's bill on bridge, and there are other bills—heaps of them. Could you let me have five hundred this week?"

Kate drew a sharp breath; suddenly she understood, and the colour rushed to her face. "I see," she whispered. "You mean that I am to—"

Amy drew herself up with a little air of outraged delicacy.

"Surely," she said, "we need not speak about it," and swept from the room.

For a moment Kate stood motionless. At last, she remembered she was alone with her dead. Then a hard sob broke from her, and she stretched out her hands blindly.

"John!" she faltered. "I—I can't find you."

"Good morning, Kate."

Kate looked up from her book. Amy's brown eyes were sparkling and her cheeks pink with some excitement.

"I thought it was about time for a visit," Kate said gravely. "I've been expecting you for a week. And it's the end, Amy. I can't let you have even another fifty without Herbert finding out. So you must do as you think fit."

Amy laughed. "Stupid!" she said. "I've come to give you some news. I'm going to be married."

There was a pause.

"Does that mean," Kate asked slowly, "that you're going to leave me in peace?"

"Yes."

"Yet you haven't brought me my letters."

Amy's light laugh rippled through the room again. It was to taste this moment of triumph that she had come.

"Fancy your never guessing!" she said contemptuously.

"Guessing?"

"Of course—that the drawer was empty. All I know about your letters you've told me yourself."

Kate gave a little cry. "But then—where are they?"

Amy shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "He burnt them, I suppose. There were a lot of burnt papers in the grate." She opened the door, but turned as Kate broke into a low laugh. "Oh!" she said, with swift suspicion. "So I suppose, after all, there was something in them?"

Kate laughed again.

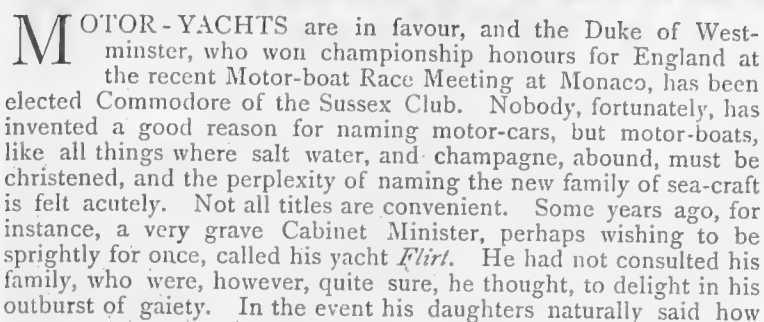
"Of course," she agreed, "that is what you would suppose."

Their eyes met, and Kate's will was the stronger. Amy went out, banging the door petulantly.

The tension of Kate's attitude relaxed. Her lips trembled to softness, and in her eyes were the tears that heal.

"John," she whispered, as to one standing very near.

THE END.



hands of a lady who has many opportunities of sharing her pleasures and M. Safonoff's secrets with her friends. At a tea-party the other day, M. Safonoff's conception, most marvellously expressed in the shortest of pictorial shorthand, of the English type of beauty found nearly as much favour as his conducting had done a few days before. But beware of his humour and his pencil!

The Lady President. Lady Jersey's enthusiasm is not far behind her husband's where matters of Empire are concerned, and she is to preside at the annual meeting of the Victoria League on May 19 in St. James's Hall. Lady Jersey has published "Hymns for Very Little Children," and stories and plays for the



This double-page illustration from "The Sketch" was found in Yildiz Kiosk (of course, among the treasures), and was sent to us by the "Illustrated London News" special correspondent in Constantinople. It will be noted that the ex-Sultan had the descriptive lines translated into Turkish for him.

Won by a Hand. Flags and colours too must be thought of by the overburdened yachtsman, but these difficulties are in a large degree solved for him when he joins his club. One gay sailor has a punning pennant with the musical notation of B sharp worked upon it, and this he flies during the contest. But flags are generally anything but frivolous. The device of the Ulster Yacht Club, made familiar at the mast-heads of the *Shamrocks*, is a bloody hand. Sir Thomas Lipton, who keeps his birthday to-day, himself tells the story of its origin. Two Irish chieftains "sailed with sails" on the sea. Whoever first touched land should be king. One, seeing his competitor just ahead, cut off his own hand and flung it to shore. Thus he conquered, and thus he ruled.

The Conductor. Safonoff, the conductor, whose success the other day was almost without a parallel, does not force his orchestra to obey him with an unkindly rod, but discarding the bâton, he draws out the music with the motion of his hands. If he does not wield a bâton, he wields a pencil, however, and a sketch-book of his caricatures has found its way into the

young, and Lord Jersey, not to be outdone, may remind himself that he is the principal proprietor of Child's Bank. But while Lady Jersey is entirely responsible for her plays and poems, it cannot be said that her husband was the author of the bank and his own fortune, which came to him through the romantic elopement and marriage of an ancestor. The Colonies, even more than children and Child's, are Lord and Lady Jersey's pet subject.

The Sour Scientist. The portrait of Mrs. Hugh Flower, the newly married daughter of Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, which was the bride's gift to the groom, and is at present firmly secured on the "line" at Burlington House, reminds one of Mrs. Tyndall, the daughter of the Lord Claud Hamilton of another generation. When she married, Kinglake was very full of chaff about his friend Tyndall's love affair. "It seems," he said, "that at the Royal Institution young ladies look up to lecturers as priests of science, and go to them after the lecture, in what Churchmen would call the vestry, and express charming little doubts about electricity, and pretty, gentle disquietude about the solar system; and, after explanations, professors find they have provided themselves with chaperons for life." Kinglake was a bachelor.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby.

Royalty will, as a matter of course, be well represented at the Epsom Summer Meeting, to see Minoru perform in the Derby and Princess de Galles run for the Oaks. The race for the Derby this year is very likely to be the most exciting witnessed for a long time. It is worthy of note that the list-men will not lay against Bayardo, despite his defeat in the Guineas; but this may be on account of the large sums invested on the colt for the Blue Riband of the Turf previous to the Newmarket race. I cannot bring myself to believe in Mr. Fairie's horse for Epsom, for he struck me as being deficient in stamina, and it may be that he is soft. True, Alec Taylor can be relied on to make some improvement in the colt, but he would have to be quite 20 lb. better than he was at Newmarket to have any chance at all at Epsom. Valens is the great sheet-anchor of the layers, but he was beaten fairly and squarely by Minoru at Newbury; and although he is very likely to have been a bit backward, there is no reason to suppose that the form will be reversed. Sir Bold, trained by Persse and owned by Colonel Hall Walker, is spoken of as a likely outsider. I do not fancy Sir Martin, despite his good two-year-old form in America. Phaleron and Louviers ran well in the Two Thousand Guineas. Diamond Stud is hardly class enough to win Mr. Buchanan his first Derby. Howick is just the sort of horse to run into a place, but such animals as Fop and St. Victrix are not on the map. I have been unable, by the way, to find out anything about Mat o' the Mint, who, however, may be regarded as certain to win a race of some description before the season is over. As matters stand at present, I think that his Majesty the King will win the Derby with Minoru, and may we all be there to see!

False-Run Races.

A few days ago an owner said to me, "It's not a bit of good to give some jockeys orders. Look at So-and-so; I told him to wait behind, and directly the tapes flew up he dashed away like a shot out of a gun, with the result that his mount was run to a standstill before the distance had been reached." Of course it is very annoying that those who pay the piper are not allowed to call the tune, but it was ever thus so far as jockeys are concerned. It must not, however, be overlooked that in some races there are horses running to get weight off, and when the jockey has been told on mounting not to knock the horse about, he decides to take steps not to have to do so. Then we often see horses making the running in a mile race who are palpable non-stayers, and the result of the tremendous pace at the beginning is often the means of disorganising the

whole field, and knocking the book into a cocked hat. I have often wondered that backers have not complained before now of this sort of race-riding. Again, how often has it been the case that horses with no chance have, by accident or otherwise, been the means of boxing in the favourite. I think there is a great need of a set of rules from the Jockey Club to say what is fair riding and what is not. The bookmakers get more than their share of the advantages when races are run falsely, and it is matter for wonder how it is the poor backers sit still and suffer when they know they have not been given a fair run for their money. If owners had only the courage to report all jockeys disobeying orders we should soon see the book upheld.

Jockeys.

Frank Wootton seems likely to head the winning-jockey list at the end of the present flat-race season, as his services are in prime demand among all classes of owners. It can now be seen that the boy's father displayed very good judgment in letting him act as a free-lance, as he often, in consequence, gets the pick of the mounts, and, barring accidents, there is a great likelihood of his present excellent average being maintained. George McCall is riding well in the North of England, while of those who go the Southern circuit, Higgs, Maher, and H. Jones have done well. The last-named does not get so much riding as some of the other jockeys, while he has to steer Marsh's horses, good or bad, when the weights suit. Up to now, Maher has ridden a tantalising number of seconds, probably because his mounts were just a little bit overweighted. I expect, however, he will get a better average presently, and he is very likely to finish second on the list. Madden has not had a good yield as yet, but there is plenty of time for him to improve matters, and the same may be said of Wal Griggs, who may ride some good horses for Mr. J. B. Joel when they are ready. Martin is riding very well this year, and he will no doubt be successful on several of Joyner's horses in the near future. Of the apprentices, Evans, who is attached

to Hallick's stable, has been the most successful. He is a capable boy in the saddle. Sadgrove, who is apprenticed to Sam Loates, is a fine rider, and shows plenty of resolution. He is very likely to do well this year. Sadgrove's younger brother is also expected shortly to make his mark in the pigskin. Of course many

of the other apprentices may be depended on to improve their averages when the nursery season commences, but they have a long time to wait.

CAPTAIN COE.



MOVEMENT AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWS IT: A TROTTING-MATCH.

Photograph by Rosenberg.



MOVEMENT AS AN ARTIST SHOWS IT: "LE PALAIS DE GLACE," BY R. ROUSSEAU DECELLE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Up Goes the
Curtain.**

It may be said of the Royal Academy that, like the Empire of Austria-Hungary, if it did not exist it would have to be invented. No other institution supplies so many subjects of conversation to the inarticulate during the first month of the season. Not only is the Academy a place of pious pilgrimage for all Suburbia, but there is no social function which like the Private View at once inflames the modish woman, the Intellectual, and the ornamental young man with a desire to be invited. It might be likened, in social importance, to the Cup Day at Ascot, except that pictures, and not horses, are the subject of discussion. Indeed, not a few of the surprises and catastrophes of a great race appertain to this "event," for not always does the Favourite win, and many an outsider has found himself, at the beginning of May, the winner of the big stakes of critical and popular approval. This year the portraits of ladies might be classed—if one were ungallant enough—into the fat and lean kine, for never has the huge crinoline loomed so conspicuously on the walls of Burlington House, and seldom have there been so many attenuated petticoats. But, above all, it was meet and fitting that in these times of feminine pretensions and feminine revolt, Mrs. Laura Knight's picture called "The Beach" should have been stamped with the highest approval and dubbed by the *Daily Telegraph*, after Mr. Sargent's magnificent "Lord Wemyss," the best picture of the year.

**The Young Man
and his Clothes.**

In the spring, it appears, his fancy does not turn to . . . but rather to the more prosaic question of waistcoats and socks. The "Spring Running" of civilised man is directed towards Savile Row and Bond Street, in which latter thoroughfare you may see the most engaging cravats, socks, and pocket-handkerchiefs imaginable. It is not usually realised by womenfolk (unless they possess "dressy" brothers or husbands) that the Young Man changes the fashion of his clothes quite as often as we do, though not in so violent and startling a manner. Where Woman elects suddenly to wear an inverted bowl (as Omar Khayyám would say) upon her head, and even an object resembling a wastepaper-basket garnished with Choctaw feathers, Man, more reasonable, merely widens the brim of his hat half an inch, and slightly lowers or raises the crown. Yet there are details that matter enormously, and etiquette as to buttons is strict. Everyone is aware of the hideous ostracism which is the fate of the small boy at certain of our great public schools who dares to fasten a coat-button which should be left undone. These prejudices continue all through an Englishman's life, and we have all known of geniuses left to perish and of worthy citizens who never made a friend because of the undue length of their hair

or the offensive shape of their collars. In these islands, indeed, you can make yourself notorious more easily than in countries where there is a larger latitude in dress, for in Great Britain a man has only to wear a woollen shirt or an alpaca coat to attain at once the widest infamy.

**A Museum of
Monstrosities.**

The Germans, with their usual thoroughness, have organised at Stuttgart an exhibition of hideous objects, by which to deter manufacturers from perpetrating similar horrors in furniture, bric-à-brac, and china. The cynic acquainted with the florid extravagances of modern Germany will say that it is high time that steps were taken to improve popular Teutonic taste. About a decade ago our German neighbours seized on the so-called *Art Nouveau* of Paris, and have turned it into an unspeakable thing. Fortunately for ourselves, we have always had schools of furniture and design, and have not had slavishly to copy and distort things made across the Channel; but from the time of Louis XIV., when every German princelet spoke bad French and aspired to a miniature Versailles, the influence of French taste on Germany has been nothing short of deplorable. But it cannot be maintained that we ourselves do not possess many specimens of "bigotry and virtue" which should be included in some temporary exhibition of banned articles. The idea is an ingenious one, and might advantageously be applied to the special department of feminine dress. In such an exhibition, the defects of the tabooed articles of attire should be pointed out, the reasons given for their lack of æsthetic value, and stress laid on the value of line and proportion in dress. To the great mass of the public, educated or not, these things are usually enigmas.

**The Front Doors
of London.**

A stroll through the streets and squares of the more modish quarters of the town reveals the fact that our front doors are fearfully and wonderfully painted nowadays. The portal of bridal white—which would have made our grandmothers cry out at our extravagance—is not only common, but comparatively

innocuous. But what shall be said of those of salmon-pink, orange, and pea-green which meet the eye, as well as those of a piercing cobalt-blue, and eke of turquoise? Some of these doors, to be quite candid, have a monstrously rakish air, and yet you will find them in the houses of sober citizens, such as dentists, doctors, and attorneys, who presumably have no hankering after Dionysiac revelries. It must be the painters and decorators who, left to their wild imaginings while the family secretes itself out of town, literally paint the town red, blue, and peach-colour. A man with a pen is said to be a dangerous person, yet how much more wild havoc can be worked by a man with a paint-brush!



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING EVENING-GOWN AT MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

A Hustled June. We cannot be said as yet to be doing more than jogging along. Town is fairly full, boys and girls, married and unmarried, have as much dancing as they can reasonably want. Opera audiences are brilliant, and there is a fair amount of fixtures. Still we are in no way excited or troubled to get through our engagement lists. Next month hustling will be in full vigour. The two remaining Courts, presumably one of the two State Balls, the Windsor Castle Garden Party, Ascot, the International Horse Show, the Royal Caledonian Ball, the King's birthday, London official celebration, are Court and annual fixtures that will help to make the month a merry one. When we add weddings and balls and polo I think we may really anticipate a hustled Month of Roses.

Ten Little Toes. The Princess of Wales is one of the most sensible mothers to be found in any sphere of life. Placed second lady in the land, it is a matter for great congratulation that she is so, because imitation is a form of flattery that is shown from the less to the great. I saw the three youngest Princes the other day, and thought what neat, sensible clothes they wore, and how cleverly cased were their little feet. Apropos of that subject, it is one to which, happily, British women are giving more consideration than they did. Still more will be so much to the good for the rising generation. Not so very many years ago it occurred to Daniel Neal, the well-known specialist in shoeing children, of 68-70, Edgware Road, that much might be done for little people in this way. What he has accomplished has acquired for him a world-wide reputation, and he can think with pleasure and pride on all the little feet he has saved from deformity and their owners from suffering. He does not advocate shoes for children until they can walk. When that proud time arrives he provides them with the neatest, prettiest, daintiest foot-covering, giving ample room for ten little toes to develop and move freely, supple and light, strong and soft, pleasures to baby, who crows with delight to see them, not shrinking from them, knowing they mean discomfort and pain. All lilliputian shoes are made in different widths, all are hand-made, and the leathers, velvet, calf are in delightful shades of blue and green, soft morocco in rich red, suede in white and brown, and soft calf in brown. There are shoes for little folk from two to four, and so on to every stage, fine brogued shoes for boys, and delightful light, soft garden shoes for little children that have earned a great success. Mr. Neal makes little boots on the same principle, but does not advocate the use of boots unless the weather necessitates it. Sandals, too, he provides on a similar common-sense basis, but quite honestly tells you he regards them as only for hot-weather wear.

Our Ever-Youngs. Old age is extinct in the British Isles. We hear of it, but we seldom see it in man, never in a woman. Nature has been kind to us, giving us good, fresh complexions. That alone would not have banished the undesired signs of age, for we saw them often up to about fifteen years ago, when we noticed that women of position and leisure ceased to look old. The services of an extraordinarily talented specialist in the care and treatment of the skin began about that time to make an appreciable difference in the appearance of her clients—a large number of ladies, many of them then known as professional beauties. Now her good officest to womanhood have reached further and wider, for her remedies, such as the Cyclax Skin Food, the Cyclax Transforming Lotion, the Cyclax Braceine, are placed, through the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, within the reach of all. All eagerly avail themselves of this aid to nature whose common-sense shows them that the wear-and-tear of modern life on a woman's face and neck necessitates the use of remedies and of preservatives such as these, based on knowledge and experience, not nostrums sold to cater for miracle-seekers. The remedies are marvellous, but not miraculous. The skin must be fed and braced up daily; this can be done by the use of Cyclax preparations in a scientific, intelligent, and natural way, with excellent results, and our ever-youngs are the proofs how excellent, for they are, with few exceptions, ardent Cyclaxers and believers in the remarkable lady who gave to the company the preparations which had wrought such remarkable results in her own practice for so many years. To look at her no one would believe how many; nor would any of her patients tell you, because, from their appearance, they were then in the nursery.

Ball-Gowns. Dresses for dances and races that are up to date and out of the common are what women specially want. I can tell them that many are to be seen meeting both requirements, and becoming and smart as well, in the costume salons of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, where

remarkably clever selection has been made from the best models as to colour, style, and character. A charmeuse satin gown of a lovely shade of rose-pink is made in Empire character, but with the waist in its right place. The skirt is slightly draped at one side above the hem and caught with a pretty ornament. A delightful colour-scheme is embodied in a gown of shot-chiffon—peacock-blue in a dull hue shot with gold. An under-skirt and under-bodice are of gold lace. A dull rose is placed near the vest of lace and satin, and three becoming lines of black velvet on the bodice. Remarkably smart, too, is a charmeuse-satin peacock-blue gown, simple in form, but exquisitely cut and most graceful. Over it is a long tunic in classical style of black net edged with a very handsome embroidery of jet moonlight, pale-gold and deep-blue beads and a fringe to match. These are three evening frocks remarkable for style and originality, even at the beginning of a London season, when models are plentiful as spring flowers.

Race Gowns. For the races the same firm show one also several models, each of quite a fascinating character all its own. One, all little tiny tucks in broad bands of lawn from waist to hem, Valenciennes lace inserted at the edges, and a broad panel of magnificent embroidery and lace; another, Nattier-blue silk, most cleverly arranged with lawn and lace. A dull, full, pink-silk voile dress, over white, is delicious with deep tucks and tiny touches of palest mauve. A lavender-mauve silk voile, hand-embroidered, and a really beautiful, simple frock of ciel-blue Shantung, with panels and a coat-like flat fichu of chiffon the same colour, with a wee cravat of deep pansy-mauve velvet, are all, to my mind, gowns full of charm and style, on the acquisition of which Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are to be congratulated. They will be kept busy reproducing them in all sorts of ways. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of yet another evening-gown at Debenham and Freebody's, which is of primrose-coloured Ninon, trimmed with lace, outlined with fine gold thread, and having a hem of black tulle and the bodice embroidered with pearls.



COMFORTABLE AS HAPPY, HAPPY AS HEALTHY:
WEARERS OF THE RIGHT SORT OF SHOES—
MADE BY MR. DANIEL NEAL.

Lady Marjorie Cochrane, who is now nineteen, will certainly be one of the most charming débutantes of the year. Some people will remember her a year ago at the ball which Lady Dundonald gave for her second daughter, Lady Jean, when, with hair done up for the first time, Lady Marjorie escaped from the schoolroom for that occasion only.

Miss Clare Royse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Royse, who is engaged to Mr. Alfred Connell, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, is a niece of Lord Monck. She is very popular in "dear, dirty Dublin," where her parents live.

Miss Millicent Grosvenor, whose portrait we give on another page, is a daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, and has the same beauty and charm that distinguish her sister, Lady Dalmeny. The bride and bridegroom, by the way, have been staying with Lord Henry Grosvenor, at Broxton Old Hall, for Chester races, and they are now settled in town for the season.

The wife of Sir William Arbuckle, Agent-General for Natal, is very popular among Colonials in London. Sir William migrated from Scotland at the age of ten, and is entirely the architect of his own fortunes. He has been much helped in his career by his wife, who was the oldest daughter of Mr. Henry Shire, the pioneer of sugar-planting in the Colony.

Benevolent supporters of the Entente Cordiale must make a point of visiting, at the White City this summer, the Franco-British Charity Fête and Bazaar in the Canadian Palace, from June 9 to 12. The interior is to be transformed into a French village of the type familiar to tourists in the south of France. While sales will be going on in the picturesque white houses with their red roofs and green jalousies, entertainments will be provided in a theatre and a café chantant, for which some of the leading French and British artistes have volunteered their services. Among others who have promised to attend the fête are Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Réjane. The British League of Mercy and four French charities in London are to receive the proceeds.

H.R.H. Princess Christian, who is President of the Royal School of Art Needlework, has appointed to-day, to-morrow, and Friday of this week for the annual summer sale. Her Royal Highness will, as usual, open the sale, and preside over it during all three days. The sale will take place in the spacious show-rooms connected with the school in Exhibition Road. In addition to exquisite articles of needlework, a wonderful collection of genuine antique furniture and rare and interesting curios has been brought together. The searcher for unique wedding-presents will find this an ideal opportunity. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, at Exhibition Road, S.W.: for the opening day or following day, 2s. 6d., including tea; and for the final day of the sale, 1s.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 25.

HOME RAILWAY ANTICIPATIONS.

APRIL'S Board of Trade Returns disclose a silver lining to the cloud of depression that settled over the country's commerce, and the fact is to be noted with satisfaction by all who are interested in Home Railway stocks. We have journeyed through two-thirds of the half-year, and in another month the dividend prophets will be at work. Granted that traffics are bad, it must also be allowed that economies will total something substantial. There might even be pleasant surprises in store in July and August. Midland Deferred, South Western Deferred, and perhaps Great Northern Deferred are good speculative investments. Great Eastern possess recuperative powers of a high order, when prices get on to the upward march. The rise in Districts looks like going farther. Of the Heavies, North Westerns will probably pay the buyer best, but of the lower-priced stocks already mentioned, South Western Deferred would be our selection for a purchase.

THE KAFFIR EXCITEMENT.

So long as the Kaffir Circus keeps good, it is right to buy anything that has any intrinsic merit at all. Everything depends upon the market sentiment as a whole, and the vital question for your esteemed consideration is whether a set-back may be coming. Ourselves, we think that the market can, and will, travel farther in the upward direction. It has acquired a good momentum from extensive buying, not only on London account, but also for the provinces and the Continent. In two words, the public has "come in." What is more, they are still "coming in."

THE CHOICE.

What one has to do is to look round and spy out such shares as have not risen to any material extent. Those Princess shares ought to be bought back on a reaction—say at 35s. They have quite good chances of going to 45s. East Rand Centrals and East Rand Extensions are being largely tipped; we should deal warily with them. A gamble likely to be put along is Daggafontein Gold—a gamble not exactly to be advised. Now Langlaagte Estate appeal to us much more strongly at £3. The Company pays 20 per cent., and is likely to increase it to 25 per cent. On dividends, then, the price at 3 is fully valued: we recommend the shares as a speculation. Langlaagte Block B have come up from 18s. to 23s. 6d. We hear them talked to 30s. Consolidated Main Reefs are another market tip—one to be avoided, in our opinion. Johnnies might go to 2 if the market were to remain in its present buoyant condition, and Randfontein have spurted in a manner that may not have astonished readers of these Notes. For a lose-your-money-or-double-it gamble there are Harmony Proprietaries at 3s. 6d.; and Transvaal Developments, at 16s. or thereabouts, have excellent possibilities.

THE CEYLON TEA PLANTATIONS COMPANY.

At the conclusion of an article on this Company's prospects in your issue of April 29 last year, I wrote: "It would not at all surprise me to see C.T.P.s at £40, or even £50, in course of time." As the shares were then standing at about £30, this forecast may have seemed to some of your readers a rash one; but the error was, in fact, on the side of moderation, and I venture to say to-day that before many years are past the shares are likely to be worth much more than £50. I must now endeavour to give in a few lines the reasons for this forecast. The present price of the shares is £40-£41 xd., and the Company has paid a dividend of 40s., tax free, per share for the year 1908, after having paid 30s. a share for twenty-one consecutive years. The profit for 1908 amounted to £51,557, of which not more than £4000 was derived from rubber. It may be taken, then, as certain that from tea alone in future a dividend of from 30s. to 40s. per share may be relied upon. Some small portion of the tea area will gradually be abandoned in favour of rubber; but the directors intend to replace this by the purchase of fresh land to be devoted to the cultivation of tea, and thus utilise the valuable machinery in the present four low-country tea-factories. In this connection I may quote the following words from the Chairman's speech at last week's meeting: "When the scheme we have in view is perfected we shall, in all probability, issue the remaining portion of our capital, offering the same to existing shareholders, and we hope also to be able to take such steps as we may consider desirable with regard to splitting the shares, and possibly obtaining a Stock Exchange quotation." I may mention that the authorised capital consists of 20,000 Ordinary shares of £10 each, of which 17,600 have been issued. So much for tea. Now we come to rubber. The Company has 4482 acres planted with rubber, and the age of the trees is approximately as under—

4 years old and over	180,000 trees
3 " " "	220,000 "
2 " " "	160,000 "
1 " " "	200,000 "
Total	760,000 trees

Of the 180,000 trees given as four years old and over, 123,663 are established trees of a girth of over 9 in., all of which should reach the tapping stage in 1911. About 20,000 trees were tapped last year, and the rubber harvested was 25,738 lb., which was sold at an average price of 4s. 7½d. per lb. The official estimate of the crop this year is 50,000 lb. I have gone very carefully into the question of the future crops, and the nearest and most conservative estimate I have been able to form is that the crop should double every year for the next four years. Probably this will prove an underestimate, for the rubber which is planted in separate clearings (over 2000 acres) is expected to come into bearing at five years old—that is, much quicker than the rubber interplanted in tea. Assuming that this estimate proves fairly accurate, future production of rubber should be—

In 1910	100,000 lb.
In 1911	200,000 lb.
In 1912	400,000 lb.

When the whole area is in full bearing, and producing, say, 250 lb. of rubber per acre, the annual production should be at least 1,200,000 lb. A profit of 1d. per lb. will then produce £5000, or 5s. per share dividend, assuming that the whole capital shall have been issued. If we suppose for a moment that the price of rubber should have fallen by this time to 2s. per lb., the Company would still earn £3 per share dividend from rubber, and 30s. to £2 from tea. That, however, is looking a long way ahead; but in the meantime shareholders may expect steadily increasing profits from this source and a corresponding expansion in their dividends. To quote the chairman again: "We are at present absolutely on the outside fringe of our rubber-production. . . and those shareholders who exercise some little patience by retaining their interests in the fortunes of this Company will, I think, not go unrewarded." Those of your readers who have very large profits in hand on their Rubber shares—and there should be many in this position—might be wise to invest some portion of their profits in this Company's Ordinary shares.

THE RUBBER PLANTATIONS INVESTMENT TRUST.

There is likely to be a considerable advance in the price of this Company's shares; the shares are 5s. paid up, and are quoted to-day at 3s. premium for special settlement. The Company was only floated in the middle of March last with a nominal capital of £500,000, of which 50,000 shares have been issued as fully paid in payment of certain securities acquired, and 250,000 were offered for public subscription, and are now 5s. paid, the balance being payable as and when required in calls of not exceeding 5s. each, at intervals of at least three months. The Board includes Directors of many of the leading Companies, and is undoubtedly a very strong one. The following is a list of the shares which were acquired in exchange for 50,000 fully paid shares. It will be seen that at the present market price these investments show an aggregate profit of £28,375.

	Present Price.	Value.
3000 Shares (17s. 6d. paid) Anglo-Malay Rubber Co.	5½ ..	£16,875
200 Shares (fully paid) Pataling Rubber Co.	9 ..	1,800
15,000 Shares (fully paid) United Serdang Rubber Co.	44/- ..	33,000
500 Shares (fully paid) Golden Hope Rubber	2½ ..	1,375
15,000 Shares (fully paid) Luneva (Ceylon) Tea and Rubber Co.	1½ ..	18,750
3000 Shares (fully paid) London Asiatic Rubber Co.	24/- ..	3,600
3500 Shares (fully paid) East Indian Tea and Produce Co.	17/- ..	2,975
		£78,375

In addition to the above, and included in the price of 50,000 shares, option rights at par over 10,750 £1 shares were acquired. It is clear that if the Directors have made as good use of the remainder of the capital at their disposal, the shares may be expected to go to a much higher premium. Q.

Saturday, May 8, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ST. CLAIR.—We cannot get any offer for your Rubber shares, either in the Stock Exchange or from outside brokers to whom we have applied.

Y. A. M.—We still believe that the Company will get over its difficulties, and that, as a speculation, its Deferred shares are worth buying. If there is ever to be a dividend it should be paid in 1910, or before. It is currently reported that the necessary capital has been provided, or at least guaranteed.

A REGULAR READER.—Write and ask the secretary why you have not got the report. We think well of the shares, and, as you will notice, they have risen considerably lately. A dividend of about 10 per cent. is expected at the end of this year.

REX.—The Welsbach Pref. are a speculative investment, and might be held. The report just out is not very encouraging. We never give opinions as to the shares of the Company owning this paper. It would, we think, be quite improper to do so.

GOLFER.—It is feared the Budget will affect profits. The shares may be held, but the drop looks as if insiders knew more than the public. For our own money we would rather hold San Paulo City 6 per cent. Bonds or Central Argentine Railway Ordinary stock.

J. C. P.—We must make inquiries and answer next week. Probably the shares should be held.

TOWSER.—Go in for the whole reconstruction.

D. W.—Your letter will be answered by the mail leaving on the 14th inst.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Louviers will win the Newmarket Stakes, and other selections for the Newmarket Meeting are; Flying Handicap, Briquet; Wednesday Welter, Orquil; Three-year-Old Handicap, Santa Bella; Payne Stakes, St. Ninian; Breeders' Stakes, Carnot. At Gatwick: Alexandra Handicap, Peter Parley; Mayblossom Handicap, Budget; Worth Stakes, Charles O'Malley; Prince's Handicap, Heath Lad; Reigate Welter, Florador; Marlborough Stakes, Oakmere. At Haydock: Manor Handicap, The Valet; Haydock Spring Handicap, Moorland Lad.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Infamous John Friend."

By MRS. R. S. GARNETT.
(Duckworth.)

Mrs. Garnett's history of "The Infamous John Friend" is a very interesting human document. It cannot be said to throw much light on the psychology of a spy, because John Friend, the prince of spies, was the exception that proves the rule. The informer is commonly reputed to be mean as vermin, and meanness was not one of John Friend's vices. He was brave to a fault, generous, tender, and, in his domestic relations, faithful. He ran off the rails because two virtues—which are not, perhaps, if you come to look at them closely, primitive ones at all—were left out of his soul in the making. He knew neither the sacredness of patriotism nor of truth. He saw no reason why he should owe allegiance to poor mad George III. Love of country was a sentiment with which he had no concern. So he sold the English to the French, and sold the French to the English, and stood no more in awe of Napoleon than of Mr. Pitt, both of whom, neatly done, pass across the stage he occupies. It all meant that he was a singularly accomplished liar and man of parts, with a taste for hazardous adventure. His trade needed much more skill than just the knack for double-shuffling. He was cool-headed in danger, and it was only his tender heart that brought him into the hangman's noose. Otherwise, so far as one can see, John Friend might have come safely through his nefarious enterprises, and possibly have arrived at a tomb in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription to the benefactor of his country. It was either the Abbey or the gallows for such a man, whose strong personal charm was matched by his nimble brains. This, and other aspects of Mr. Friend, stand out very clearly in Mrs. Garnett's remarkable study; but it must not be assumed that he is the only character worth considering in the book. The women are extremely well drawn. A hundred years separates us from Susan and Mrs. Friend, who were good and virtuous and acutely sentimental, and were womanly in the manner of their time, which is not quite the same as now. The gulf stands; but across it we can see the fine spirit of Mrs. Friend, who loved her husband in spite of his base-ness, and the innocence of Susan, that was to give place to the nobler knowledge of her chosen life. There is passion in their story, and humour, and a lively understanding. They are not wax-works; they are our great-grandmothers. The book ends with the sensations of John Friend on the gallows—an episode that is French in its conviction. It is a fitting end to a romance of most uncommon sincerity.

"Mr. Opp."

By ALICE HEGAN RICE.
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

To tell the truth, "Mr. Opp" is rather small beer for a single volume. It would have made a good five-thousand-word story, where its droll humour would have tasted crisp and snappy; at book-length it seems just a little insipid. It is a capital sketch, of course, and Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice knows exactly how to mix the pathos and the humour according to her American recipe; but it is no more than a sketch. Where Mrs. Rice excels is in the portrait of Mr. Opp's half-witted sister, Miss Kippy. We know already how good she is at this kind of character, but we doubt if she has ever done anything better than Miss Kippy, who was twenty-five, and had the mind of a little child, and knew she was two people, good and bad—which is more than some of us can grasp. (We commend her to Mr. Stead and Signor Lombroso.) Mr. Opp was a Kentuckian Don Quixote. He rode abroad redressing human wrongs; but he went about, too, with an incurable optimism and self-assurance dominating his soul, and it took time, and the loss of the girl he loved, and contact with real talent, to bring him to a sense of his own limitations. He reminds us oddly of Kipps, with the difference that Kipps was observed by Mr. H. G. Wells, who sees to the dregs of a man's little soul, and Mr. Opp has been under Mrs. Rice's kindly eyes. His story is far and away best at the finish, when, indeed, it rises to a high level of workmanship. It will be popular; but we fancy Mrs. Wiggs is in no danger of being outstripped by the new novel. It is well illustrated, but the name of the illustrator is omitted from the title-page.

"A Sense of Humour."

By BERYL FAHER AND
COSMO HAMILTON.
(Hutchinson.)

"A Sense of Humour" is a genial story with plenty of bright situations in it. Anybody without a sense of humour may be advised not to read it; also those who see in marital misunderstandings and the shadow of the Divorce Court a matter too grave for the buffets of a rollicking fancy. Strictly speaking, the book is not a novel, but a farcical comedy in novel form. It would play, by all internal evidences, at least as well as it reads, and it has the stage merit of only four characters, servants excepted. Perhaps it is not fair to exclude the servants, Meakin, gentleman's gentleman and son and grandson of gentlemen's gentlemen, being quite a shining light. We are not going to be unkind enough to give away the plot, which could be described in a couple of sentences. People who want to know it must read "A Sense of Humour." They will have spent, as the sub-title has it, "one day in the lives of four intimate friends," and will probably regret, as they close the volume, that the authors' invitation did not extend over a longer period.

THE COLDS OF EARLY SPRING.

THEIR DANGERS, CONSEQUENCES, AND PREVENTION.

THE season of Spring colds has started.

It must seem strange that colds should be more frequent in spring than in winter, when the conditions would appear to be more conducive to them. Yet it is not strange really. Colds are due to germs which are far more prevalent in spring than in winter, while the cold unconsciously hardens the body to meet its rigours. Both these facts were vividly exemplified by Dr. Nansen's experience. During his Arctic expedition, in consequence of the absence of germs, he never got a cold, although subjected to exceedingly low temperatures. As soon as he returned home, however, in the spring, when the germs were omnipresent, he caught a severe cold.

In early spring the capricious weather makes undue demands on the body's resisting powers, and the weak, the infirm, and the children fall victims to its disease-laden atmosphere. This manifests itself in Colds and Sore Throats in their varied forms, like Ulceration, Quinsy, Bronchitis, etc. When the throat and tonsils are inflamed they are peculiarly susceptible to the attack of the germs of Measles, Scarlet Fever, and Diphtheria. Hence, these diseases are very common in spring.

When the tissues are healthy, these germs may be inhaled in large numbers, but the body destroys them or throws off the poisons they produce. When, however, the individual is weak, and the parts inflamed, the increased warmth and the moisture enable the germs to increase with overwhelming rapidity, and produce their specific complaint.

Studying these conditions, doctors concluded that if the germs could be killed at their point of entry—in the mouth and throat—before they infected the body, the disease they cause could be prevented, with all its attendant suffering and possible loss of life.

The preparation capable of doing this was discovered in Formamint Wulffing, the most powerful germicide known to science. A tablet of it dissolved in the mouth imparts its germ-killing properties to the

saliva, which, coming in contact with every nook and cranny of the throat, disinfects them and destroys the germs which are there.

Formamint therefore offers the surest prevention against cold and the diseases of which it may be the forerunner. Its merits have been attested by every important medical paper in Europe, and by large numbers of well-known men and women.

The "British Medical Journal," for instance, says: "The use of Formamint tablets is recommended in various septic conditions, and is an improvement on gargles as a means of bringing an antiseptic into contact with the fauces (back of the throat)."

A Medical Officer of Health wrote in the "Practitioner": "I regard these lozenges or tablets as a good prophylactic against sore throat. I have never had sore throat myself since I began to use them, although I suffered periodically before."

From among well-known people, the preservation of whose voice is particularly important to them, may be selected the testimonials of Miss Lily Brayton, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. H. B. Irving.

Miss Lily Brayton writes—

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your Formamint lozenges. They are splendid for clearing the voice, and I use them constantly."

Mr. Ben Davies writes—

"I find Formamint excellent for the voice and most soothing to the throat: it is at the same time such a pleasant and effective disinfectant that I am never without a bottle."

Mr. H. B. Irving writes—

"Formamint seems to me to be one of the most excellent preparations in the way of an antiseptic lozenge that has been manufactured."

To enable everyone to make a trial of Formamint the proprietors, Messrs. A. Wulffing and Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., will forward a free sample to all mentioning "The Sketch" who will send a penny stamp to cover the cost of postage. With it will be sent a copy of "The Prevention of Infectious Disease," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, the famous medical writer, which cannot fail to be productive of much good if the suggestions in it are followed.



SPRING.—BY BOTTICELLI.
THE CLASSICAL PICTURE OF THE SEASON.